

MANET



PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

JANUARY, 1937-25 CENTS

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Mr. Smith

TO MOST of us, modern education implies but two things, competent teaching and a well rounded curriculum. These improvements are universally recognized, but little thought is given to the element which enables us to take full advantage of these modern educational conveniences. Comfort: the clean, warm, and well lighted classrooms. Too often we take for granted these benefits and those who make them possible. For this reason I sought out Mr. Thomas Smith, our former custodian.

After ten years of service, during which he has seen North grow from 26 classrooms to 80, Mr. Smith has left us. He has gone to the Coddingtown School where there will be less call upon his time and strength. What do we know about him after these years of close acquaintance?

Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1872, Mr. Smith came to this country when 18 months old and lived in Hartford, Connecticut, until he was six. He then moved to Quincy where he has resided ever since. He first attended



school at the Old Police Station on Sea Street and at Adams School. After leaving school, he entered the granite business where he worked for nineteen years. In 1907 he took up janitor work, and except for a short time during the war when he worked at the Victory plant, has been at it ever since. He and the late Mr. Hart were the first two men in the city to take civil service exams. In 1927 Mr. Smith came to North from the Washington School.

What does he do outside of school? He is fond of music and reading. Naturally he

likes children, especially his grandchild in New Hampshire.

Mr. Smith leaves us with the best wishes of pupils, teachers, and fellow workers. He has served well and faithfully.

R. C. '38

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The Parable of the Talents

FOR the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.

And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents.

And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two.

But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time, the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of the lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed.

And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed:

Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.

Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.



TWO THOUSAND years ago a servant buried the talent loaned to him by his master. It was not the servant's neglect of his lord's financial condition which disturbed the master, but rather the man's utter inability to use the little he possessed.

Although circumstances have changed, life, in its essential qualities, has not. As individuals and as society we continue to bury our talents, realizing our failure only through bitter experience. Yet, on all sides is the warning to stop before there is taken away even that which we have.

The Last Voyage

Donald Shephard '37

IT WAS a bright sunny day in Liverpool with a blue, cloudless sky overhead. Down on the Birkenhead docks all was hustle and bustle. Aboard a fine cargo liner flying the house flag of the White Star Line the stevedores were stowing the last of her cargo of cotton goods. From her mast flew the "Blue Peter", a sign she was to sail that day. She was the S. S. PAUL JONES, a 12,500 ton oil burner.

At six p.m., on the full of the tide, a blunt-nosed little tug edged the PAUL JONES out of her slip, through the flood-gate, and into the Mersey. Pointing her nose downstream, she proceeded at half-speed. Aboard, all was a beehive of activity with the crew preparing for sea, battening down the hatches, etc. As she entered the Irish Sea at the mouth of the Mersey just below Liverpool, the same powerful little tug pulled alongside, and Captain Jordan came aboard. He had been ashore receiving last minute orders from her owners. A short while later the sun went down in a gray and blustering sky. As the PAUL JONES plunged into the increasingly heavy seas, occasional sheets of water cascaded over her bows, sending foamy clouds of spray whipping her full length.

Coming on deck for the Death Watch (12 M — 4 A. M.), Alvin Garrity, the first mate of the PAUL JONES, two days out from Liverpool, found the ship pitching and yawing in the path of a heavy following sea. The gray phosphorescence of the foam-flecked waves passed along her mighty steel-clad sides. Garrity mounted the iron ladder to the bridge. The light from the binnacle shone faintly on the weatherbeaten face of the helmsman, while over to starboard the starboard running-light illuminated the youthful face of the second mate with an eerie green glow. The first mate greeted his subordinate with, "Hello, Wade."

"Evening, sir," responded that young worthy. "Looks like we're in for a bit of a blow. The barometer's been dropping steadily for the last two or three hours. The Skipper left word to be called as soon as she strikes."

"O. K. You'd better get below and get some rest; you may be needing it."

An hour later the storm struck from the southeast. With a low moaning sound, gradually increasing in intensity, it literally tore across the raging sea and hit the PAUL JONES with a veritable deluge of rain. It seemed to her crew as if the Biblical forty days and forty nights were all rolled into one and suddenly let loose on their hapless ship. The bows and the masthead light were completely obscured from the vision of the officers on the bridge, and the riding-lights were but dimly visible. The mighty ship was but as a toy in the grip of the raging elements. The mountainous seas came rushing up from behind, lifting her stern to the sky at an angle threatening to turn her end over end, and then, passing forward, lifting her bows at the same precarious angle. As the crest of each gigantic wave passed under her stern, the PAUL JONES' propellor was lifted clear out of the water. The poor vessel quivered and shook as the screw raced, threatening to tear her engines out before being slowed down by the engineer at the throttle.

For three hours the PAUL JONES steamed valiantly on through the storm. But about four A. M. she shook as if she had St. Vitus' dance; her engines were racing

like mad, almost tearing themselves to pieces, before being shut off. On the bridge, Captain Jordan answered as the whistle blew in the speaking tube. "Yes?"

"We've lost our screw, sir," came the voice of the chief engineer.

"I thought so," replied the captain, "What did you let her race so much for? The strain was too great — shut down your engines."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Turning to the officers gathered on the bridge, the captain said, "Well, gentlemen, this puts us in a fine position. Wade, tell Sparks to send out an S. O. S."

A few moments later Garrity and old "English John" Burton, the third mate, were holding a spirited conversation.

"It's the jinx, sir," the third mate was saying, "It's the Skipper's wife. A woman aboard a ship always means trouble."

"I'll have no more of that, Mr.," rasped out the captain, overhearing this part of the conversation.

"Sorry, sir," mumbled his squelched subordinate.

Aboard the S. S. ROTTERDAM, an 8,900 ton tramp steamer bound for Newport News, the radio operator was turning the dials to see if there was anything important on the air. Hiss attention was suddenly attracted by the worst call to be heard at sea.

"S. O. S. S. O. S. S. S. PAUL JONES. Latitude 40 degrees 10 minutes 30 seconds N.; longitude 21 degrees 15 minutes 30 seconds W. We have lost our propeller. S. O. S."

Rousing his assistant, the ROTTERDAM's operator sent him to the bridge to report the distress signal while he determined the position of any other nearby ships. Captain Graham received the excited messenger's report with apparent equanimity.

"Let's see. She's about thirty miles S 58 degrees W of us."

In a few moments the assistant radio man returned with the news that there were but two other ships within reach of the distressed vessel — the S. S. ROYALAND, ninety miles west, and the S. S. COMET, one hundred twenty miles south-south-east.

"Then, I guess we're nearest to her," said Captain Graham, shoving the engine telegraph lever forward to full speed ahead, "Change course to S 80 degrees W."

"S 80 degrees W it is, sir," replied the helmsman.

Meanwhile, the PAUL JONES had broached to and was being badly battered by the raging elements. Tons of water pounded down on the helpless ship. Mountainous waves passed completely over her. In the forecastle, the members of her crew who were off duty had discovered at dawn that the battering she had received had sprung some of her plates and she was filling fast. This left these men in a precarious position, for the runway from the forecastle head to the midship section had long since gone overboard, and the odds were 100 to 1 against crossing the waist safely. But they had to do something; to remain where they were meant certain death.

On the bridge, a startled exclamation broke from the lips of the second mate. "What's the matter, Wade?" asked his commander.

"The men in the fo'c'stle, sir — I think they're going to try to cross to the midship section."

"The fools! They'll be carried overboard."

Even as the captain spoke the men started their mad dash across the deck in the interim between the last big wave and the next proceeding one. It was a mad race with death, for a giant green wave was rushing at express-train speed towards them. As their breathless comrades and officers watched spellbound, the first man reached safety, then the second, and the third, but even as the latter reached refuge, the ruthless sea engulfed his companions. When the tons of water had retreated, two men were left lying in the scuppers; the other three apparently washed overboard. When their shipmates had rushed out and carried them to safety it was discovered that one man had a broken leg, the other, two broken ribs.

While Garrity was attending the injured men, the third mate came below with two seamen carrying the second mate. "Now what?" asked the chief officer.

"The wheelhouse was smashed by a big sea, sir," replied his subordinate, "Captain Jordan was carried away and young Wade, here, is pretty badly smashed up. Furthermore, sir, we're settling pretty fast."

"Inform the ROTTERDAM," ordered Garrity.

"The radio house is gone, sir," came the gloomy response.

But, suddenly, a breathless seaman rushed below with the news, "The ROTTERDAM's in sight!"

Aboard the ROTTERDAM, as she approached the PAUL JONES, Captain Graham was ordering the oil pumps set working while they steamed slowly around the wreck. As this order was being executed the captain spoke to his officers on the bridge.

"Gentlemen. An officer will have to take a boat across to the wreck with a volunteer crew."

The officers stepped forward to a man, but it was Chief Officer Alden who was told to "go get your crew."

By this time the storm had somewhat abated, but the wind was kicking up a rough sea with the waves still gigantic, although not as mountainous as they had been. The boat managed to get safely from the ROTTERDAM, but it seemed impossible that she could ever make the PAUL JONES. She was as but a speck of dust at the mercy of the atmosphere, tossed this way and that. One minute on the crest of a mighty wave; the next minute sliding down its side into the trough where she was completely obliterated from the vision of the anxious watchers. Half a dozen times on that slow passage across the intervening stretch of boiling sea the little craft threatened to capsize, but eventually she reached the doubtful shelter of the PAUL JONES.

When the ROTTERDAM's boat approached, Garrity, standing on the poop-deck to which he and the crew had crossed when the sinking of the ship drove them from the midship section, shouted through a megaphone, "Ahoy! We have three injured men and a woman aboard. You'll have to come alongside."

As the crew of the PAUL JONES watched anxiously the boat came around under her lee. Her crew backed her stern against the iron-clad sides of the doomed vessel. Being backed up against the ship the boat's crew were in a position to pull swiftly away if necessary. While the captain's wife and the injured men were lowered into the waiting life-boat, Garrity and Alden held a conversation.

"How many more men have you?" inquired the ROTTERDAM's chief officer.

"Twenty-two," replied Garrity.

"We'll have to make two trips then. We can carry only twenty."

"But we can't hold out that long."

"You'll have to call for a couple of volunteers to remain behind," offered Alden. "We'll try to make it back in time."

As soon as the injured were aboard, the boat's officer decided to pull away as it was too dangerous near the rolling ship. A life belt with a line attached was dropped down to the boat, another line was attached, and it was hauled back to the wreck. One by one the men put on the life belt, jumped over, and were hauled into the waiting boat. Finally, all had jumped except Garrity and Burton, the third mate, who had volunteered to remain with him.

As the two doomed watched, the life-boat and its load beat its way slowly back to the ROTTERDAM. Meanwhile, the ship was sinking fast; the water level drew nearer and nearer to the poop. Finally, with the life-boat still struggling to reach the mother-ship, the water reached the after-section.

"Only two or three minutes more, sir," spoke up Burton.

"So long 'English'," was Garrity's answer.

"Goodbye, sir!"

Suddenly, with a mighty shudder throughout her whole frame, the once-proud ship lifted her stern to the sky and slid silently beneath the cool, green waves of the North Atlantic.



Ghosts at Gregrinoch

Kenneth Henry '38



IN ONE of the many corners of an immense cheerless kitchen of some dead era, by a tiny fire, which was like a lone firefly in a petrified wilderness, a wizened, shivering old lady huddled. Her haggard form was little embellished either by the cool faint glow from the silent embers or by the infrequent spurts of flame. Hardly could she be occupied with thought, for she had sat in such a manner and place through forgotten years. High above, from between the crevices of the ceiling, spiders dropped on their dangling threads and wove intricate laces as if to veil clues verifying ancient legends that could possibly bear association with the place.

On this night of our introduction to the withered being whom we have seen to be hardly more than a part of the atmosphere, there was outside a great storm, a hint of which swept shrieking down the chimney and out past the motionless old woman. The fury of the gods of every race seemed to be at large instructing the thunder and lightning in their respective duties. Not only with these two forces, but also with a third, and equally loathsome in great quantity, rain, the gods attempted to appease their wrath. At brief intervals, as the lightning streaked across the heavens, the kitchen was momentarily ablaze with brilliance, as also the broad dreary mansion of which this cuisine was but a minute section.

The mansion itself was perched high on a cliff above treacherous waters that had beat madly for centuries against the stubborn rock. To leave the estate necessity bid the improbable visitor wind about a rough road, which, after several miles of bleak, awful scenery led to a small village. Here the mansion was spoken of in tone of awe and fear. That very night of the gale the tired peasants gathered about their cheery fires and hour after hour dwelled on the rude history of the house and its ages of occupants. The subject had warranted itself as apropos for this evening as the ghost of Duke Shamsby was said to wander through the castle annually, and particularly on this, the fortieth anniversary of his ruthless murder. Although various versions of the circumstances were related, the one most generally believed

and accepted was this which we could today hear at perhaps the fireside of any rustic of the village near the mansion.

Duke Shamsby was the last of the aged family of Shamsby, which had dwelt for generations in the dreary castle of Gregrinoch, a name of forgotten origin. Although of noble birth, his life did not become blood of nobility, for he had been carefree and reckless. One day he left Castle Gregrinoch for a place unknown and far, although that place was suspected to be Austria. Some months later he returned, pale and worried. He discharged all his servants except the lady whom we saw in the kitchen, whom he engaged on his return. For this action there was no obvious excuse, and as the youthful duke offered none, the townsmen supplied him with one. It is said that he had gone to Vienna, and at a royal ball there had fallen in love with a visiting Russian princess, whom he kidnaped. Her father, the people say, incensed, pursued the duke. Not long after he had hired the new woman, who was very beautiful, and said to be the lost princess, he was found murdered in his bedroom. The night of the murder, a stranger was seen on the road from town to the castle by a peasant who was searching for a lost cow. The duke's ghost was said to haunt the scene of his death, but no one had seen the phantom or entered his room for forty years, which time past the faithful event had occurred. The only two persons who were said to know the entire content of the story were the duke and the princess, the former of whom was dead, and the latter of whom lost. These scattered facts constituted practically all known by the town, although imagination had lent a great deal of color to the episode.

Not only was the storm still raging and howling about the humble cottages in which this tale was being told that dire evening, but also about stately Castle Gregrinoch. Never before had the castle been so minute in comparison to a gale; never before had the waves crashed so high on the cliff below. The barren promontory and the towering, massive edifice merged together when the lightning flashed far off, and were silhouetted in all their most jagged and horrible glory. The black peak of rock with the dizzy, spinning foam whirling up and above it, the mad waters clashing and clanging against the shale, and the castle's bold turrets and deep, mysterious blackness of windows all were component features of a terrifying setting. How perfect the scene for another mad murder!

But the old lady still sits motionless by the dreary kitchen's dismal fire. Can she be thinking? She is sitting as before. How weird to see here there. Her hand stirs. Her eyes become more brilliant, and now sparkle faintly in lazy mockery of the flames of the fire. Truly, she must be awakening from that ancient lethargy. Yes, her entire figure stirs. Slowly and feeble she rises, and scuffs across the cold ringing tiles of the great kitchen. Her steps and sighs echo against, back and forth between the high bare walls. She has fair, but time-worn features. The few scant strands of scraggly hair that fall from under a hood she has drawn over herself are chalky with faint dull glints of what might once have been molten gold. She draws from her pocket a huge ring of iron keys which clang dismally in the damp air. She approaches a massive oaken door to which she fits a rusty giant key. This she turns; then, on opening the creaking door, steps out into the gloom of a cavernous, musty corridor. Now she can only be heard as she slowly follows the corridor's stiff path. On reaching its apparent end she draws forth her keys again and opens

(Continued on page 56)

Impressions

The Conductor

Philip Navin '37

The great hall is hushed,
And the lighting is dimmed.
The maestro appears
And bows to the echo
Which springs from the walls,
Then steps to his place.

* * * * *

Gently the theme
Unfolds to his baton.
Softly entreating his flutes
And his oboes,
Then building the symphony
Smoothly with horns,
He beckons the trumpets
As filled with the frenzy
Of intrushing tide,
He crouches and sways
And mutters and urges.
Now suddenly comes the
Crashing of cymbals,
The piping response of the
Winds as they scream.
The music drives upward
In one great crescendo
With blaring of trumpets
And thunder of drums.
. Boom!
A great crash resounds and reechoes.
Then silence prevails.

* * * * *

Haggard and pale,
He stares at the mob
Which shouts and acclaims.
Exhausted and weary
And bowing he stands
Brushing the hair from
His glassy eyes.

Genius Burns

Marion Mainwaring '39



MY FRIEND and I often wondered how jokes, cartoons, comics, and so forth are written. Does the author need merely to sit down with pencil and paper and have a plot come forthwith to his brain? Or does he spend many an unhappy hour in evolving some humorous picture, strip, or joke? One day we had an opportunity of judging for ourselves. We were asked by a friend to carry a message to Bud Bubbles, the famous author of that famous Sunday "Funny-paper" strip, *Terry Toodles*.

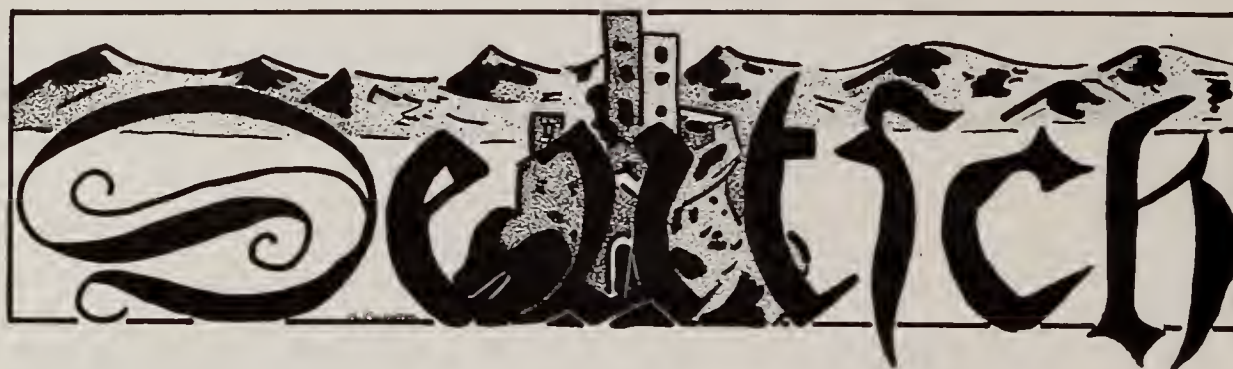
As we entered his office, we were met by a secretary, who, after hearing we were expected, led us to the door of the inner office. She paused, her hand on the knob, and remarked, "You had better not stay long. Mr. Bubbles is very busy. His page must go to the paper this afternoon."

We realized just how busy Mr. Bubbles was when we saw the condition of the room where "America's Favorite of the Funny Paper, *Terry Toddles*" was created, for the floor around the large desk was white with paper, the desk was littered with unfinished sketches, and at the desk itself sat a man in an attitude of despair. My friend and I stared at each other. Was this Bud Bubbles? Could this be the comic artist, the creator of the most hilarious character in America, the.....? Then the man looked up.

"You bring the message from Mr. Blanke?" he asked. From his tone it was to be inferred that all his remaining relatives had suddenly died in an automobile crash, that he had just lost all his money, or that he was a criminal awaiting his execution. We answered in the affirmative. "Ah, yes," he said in a gloomy tone, and, after he had taken the message, seemed to forget our presence. After several minutes, during which we wondered if we were supposed to go, he looked up again.

"Perhapsperhaps you young ladies can help me. I need an idea for my comic strip. *Terry Toddles* must have something to do this Sunday that will make America roar with laughter, and I cannot think what. And he must go to the paper this afternoon!" But we couldn't get an idea, and sadly told him so. After this the artist remained silent for so long a time that we decided we were dismissed, and went out. At the door we turned and looked back. Mr. Bubbles was staring wildly at a blank sheet of paper before him, and tearing at his hair.

We have never been able to laugh at *Terry Toddles* since.



DAS DEUTSHE SCHULSYSTEM

Ethel Bettoney '37

Vor dem Weltkriege nahm das deutsche Schulsystem Rücksicht auf Klassenunterschiede. Die Armen schickten ihre Kinder in die Volksschule, und danach in die Fortbildungsschule. Die Kinder der Reichen besuchten erst die Vorschule, dann das Gymnasium, später die Universität. Seit dem Weltkriege aber müssen alle Kinder vom sechsten bis zum zehnten Jahre die Grundschule besuchen, wo sie die Anfänge ihrer Erziehung erhalten.

In der Grundschule lernen sie nicht nur Lesen, Schreiben, und Rechnen, sondern auch etwas Geschichte, Geographie, Heimatkunde, Singen, und Zeichnen. Ausserdem machen die Schüler fast jeden Monat einen Ausflug mit ihrem Lehrer.

Die „High School“ in Amerika vergleicht sich aufs beste mit dem deutschen Gymnasium. Mit zehn Jahren tritt der Schüler in das Gymnasium ein. Dort studiert er auf neun Jahre. Gegen Ende dieser neun Jahren muss er das Abiturientenexamen bestehen, um die Universität zu besuchen. In dem Gymnasium studiert der Schüler Deutsche, Religion, Mathematik, Naturkunde, Geschichte, und Zeichen. Wohlfächer gibt es sehr wenig. Später fangt er mit Griechischen und Französischen oder Englischen an.

Wer nicht auf das Gymnasium gehen will, kann das Realgymnasium, die deutsche Oberschule oder die Oberrealschule be-

suchen. Hier lehrt man weniger Latein oder Griechisch; desto mehr betont man die neueren Sprachen und die Naturkunde.

Solange ein Schüler das Gymnasium besucht muss er fleissig arbeiten. Sonst versetzt man ihn nicht, und wer zweimal sitzen bleibt, muss die Schule verlassen. Hat er jedoch das Abitur bestanden und kommt als Student auf die Universität, denn ist er vollständig frei. Der Professor weiss oft nicht einmal, ob der Student zur Vorlesung kommt oder nicht; er kümmert sich auch nicht darum. Er hält seine Vorlesung über ein Thema seines Spezialfaches, und alle Studenten, die sich dafür interessieren, hören ihm zu. Ist er ihnen interessant, so besuchen sie seine Vorlesung regelmässig. Ist dies nicht der Fall, dann gehen sie zu einem anderen Professor.

Auf diese Weise lernen einige deutsche Studenten nichts. Diese, die sogenannten „bemoosten Häupter“, bleiben oft jahrelang auf der Universität, zwanzig, sogar dreissig Semester. Die meisten aber, die später eine gute Stellung haben wollen, müssen ein schwieriges Staatsexamen bestehen. Um durchzukommen, müssen die Studenten sehr fleissig studieren.

Man beklagte sich einmal bei Bismarck, dass die Hälfte der deutschen Studenten nichts taugt. Da rief Bismarck stolz aus: „Ja, aber der anderen Hälfte ist es gelungen, die geistige Welt zu beherrschen.“



DL - Z129

Wallace L. Bixby '37

Das riesiges Luftschiff, Hindenburg, ist am 9. Oktober, 1936 ungefähr um zwölf Uhr gerade über unsre Schule übergeflogen. Das Schiff ist das grösste seiner Art, und es fliegt durch die Luft sehr graziös und glatt. Es war Ehrfurcht einflössend das riesenhafte Luftschiff in die Luft schweben zu sehen, fast gerauschlos, mit den Strahlen der Sonne von seiner Nase zurückwerfen. Viele Lehrer und Schüler beobachteten die Erscheinung des Schiffs von Boston bis es im Süden verschwand.

OBERAMMERGAU UND DAS PASSIONSPIEL

Elaine M. Baker '37

Alle zehn Jahre, im kleinen Dorf Oberammergau, in Bayern, wird die Passionstragödie aufgeführt.

Während des Jahres der Pest, 1633, sind die Hälfte der Einwohner Oberammergau gestorben. Ein fürchterlicher Jammer ist über das Volk gekommen. Die Ältesten des Dorfes haben in ihrem Gott nicht vergessen. Sie sind in die Kirche gegangen und haben sich eidlich verpflichtet die Passionstragödie alle zehn Jahre aufzuführen. Von dieser Zeit an ist kein Mensch mehr an dieser Pest gestorben.

Im Jahre 1634 wurde zum ersten mal die Tragödie aufgeführt und seitdem alle zehn Jahre wiederholt.

Die letzten Aufführungen des Passionsspiele fanden in den Jahren 1930 und 1934 statt. Es war im Jahre 1934 wiederholt, weil es das dreihundertjährige Gedenkjahr war.

Die Aufführungen sind von Mai bis Oktober und jeder geborene Oberammergauer hoft bei den Passionspielen mitzuwirken.



HERR AUGUST VON MUNCHHAUSEN

Kenneth Henry '37

Letzte Woche hatte ich das Vergnügen Herr August von Munchhausen zu begegnen, der dem wirklichen Baron verwandt ist. Ja, ich habe einen wahren Munchhausen begegnet. Ich habe den Baron nicht gekannt, aber ich weiss, dass dieser Herr Munchhausen wilde Geschichten nicht erzählt. Ich dachte von seinen Reisen in Sibirien oder nach dem „South Pole“ zu hören, aber er hat nur von Neu-York gesprochen.

Die Munchhausen Familie in Deutschland buchstabiert den Namen „von Munchhausen“, aber Jack Pearl buchstabiert ihn „Baron Munchhausen“.

Der Mann, vondem ich spreche, ist sehr interessant, und ein sehr guter Künstler. Er zeichnet äusserst wohl, und jetzt arbeitet er mit dem „Ballet Russe“, um die Tänzer und Tänzerinnen für das nächste Programm zu skizzieren.

Ich hatte nie gedacht, dass es je eine echte Munchhausen Familie gewesen war, und ich war sehr erstaunt einem Mitgled zu begegnen.



Two Poems

by Peter Macomber '40

CAPE HORN

Cold and bleak the dark cliffs rise
Out of the seething foam,
Covered with snow and sheets of ice,
Making a glassy dome.

A ship with full sail rounds the bend;
Her sails spread out with pride;
Proudly setting her gallant course,
Undaunted by the tide.

But woe, the dark cliffs rise astern;
The tops'ls clewed too late;
The sails in shreds; the foremast breaks;
The vessel meets her fate.

Cold and bleak the dark cliffs rise
Out of the seething foam,
Standing cold and rigid
Like pillars of ancient Rome.

WHALES

Chased from the warmer waters
To the bleak antarctic land,
Hunted and tormented,
The whales make their last stand.

The days of old-time whalers,
When the quarries' chance was small,
Cannot compare with modern days,
When there is no chance at all.

Pierced with a deadly shaft
Exploding in his side,
He rises in the bloody foam
And is quickly caught and tied.

The Diary of a Black and White Cat

This is the diary of Tippy, a black and white cat who was found attempting to take a ride on a bus free of charge.

Nov. 24, 1932

I was taken to a new home, by a little girl whom I later learned they called "Snooks". She took me home because she was looking for a kitten who had run away. She showed me to quite a number of people. After looking me over, they shook their heads and said, "No, this isn't the right one. In fact it's altogether different. Look! This one is just black and white, the other one was different colors from pink to brown. It wasn't such a pet. It used to run away when anyone came near it, but this one rubs around your legs. Perhaps we shouldn't keep it." At this Snooks started crying, and I was left in the middle of a big room with blue and white checks on the floor. I decided to explore my new home.

Later Snooks came in looking quite happy and put me in a box with a nice comfortable pillow in it and a lovely warm blanket. I was then left for the night.

Nov. 25, 1932

My, what a day! Everyone was up early this morning and they were all working. Snooks spent the morning putting nuts in dates and then rolling them in sugar. She gave me one, but I didn't like it.

Soon after that the most luscious smell was all through the house. I recognized it immediately as roast turkey and decided then and there that I was going to lie in the middle of that checked floor until I got some. After being almost stepped on several times, I was put out by Snooks but there was no danger of my running away when I knew what was inside. Later I heard a car out front and several greet-

ings. I ran around and found Snooks with her Mother, Father, and Sister. Several people were getting out of the car. I learned later that it was Snooks' Aunt, Uncle, and two Cousins. I sneaked in the door when they weren't looking and found my way to the kitchen. I hid under the stove where the turkey was and went to sleep. Later Snooks went to the door and called, "Here kitty, kitty, kitty." I decided it was for me and went over to her. She then picked me up and took me in to all those people. After much petting, the question of my name arose. Snooks' little cousin thought of the name 'Tippy' because I had a white tip on the end of my black tail and after that I was always called 'Tippy'.

Soon they all sat down to eat and I went to sleep under the table. Later I was taken into the kitchen and there at my place was a big piece of turkey. After eating a good meal, I sat down to think. Boy, I sure had something to be thankful for that day.

Dec. 25, 1932

Last night everyone hung his stocking over the fireplace. Snooks went downstairs to her doll and got a little pink booty. She tried it on me and as it fitted, she hung it up for me. This morning everyone was up early to look at his stocking. When I came in, Snooks took down my stocking and drew out a package tied with red ribbon. On the package it said 'To Tippy from Santa Claus'. Snooks untied it for me and out tumbled a stuffed mouse. When I smelled it, I thought that some kind person certainly knew what I liked, because it was stuffed with catnip. All the rest of the day presents came pouring in, but I was content with my catnip mouse.

March 18, 1933

Last night Snooks, her sister, and I were left alone. Snooks and her sister went to bed, and as I had slept all day, I decided to have some fun. I had often heard Snooks making some sour notes on the piano, and as she did so she counted 1, 2, 3, 4, — 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. I had also heard her Mother play although it didn't sound like Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Vallee, and Irving Berlin all thrown in together as Snooks' playing did. After these variations I had decided to try my luck at it. As this was my chance now, I went prancing up and down the piano 1, 2, 3, 4 — 1, 2, 3, 4, having a lot of fun. As I looked up once I noticed two frightened faces peering through the door. Snooks' sister had a broom all ready to strike at something, and Snooks had a pillow which she was already to throw. I jumped down and rubbed around their legs. They immediately started into a gale of laughter. After that I was often referred to as the musical burglar.

Sept. 7, 1933

Today I had my first punishment or I should say 'Bawling out'. Last night I jumped on top of the big bookcase. I walked around and decided it would be a very nice place to sleep. As I stretched out, my foot hit something, but I didn't think anything of it and kept stretching, when suddenly there was a big crash. As I looked down there were the remains of a big vase broken into five million pieces. Everyone came running out in his night-clothes, so I hid under the piano. But that wasn't the last of it. Today Snooks' father was as angry as could be. It seems the vase was an old heirloom or something, but then I think that a house should be modernistic and not behind times (especially in vases).

April 20, 1934

Today a new cat came into the neighborhood. I don't like him so well. He seems to think he's the whole catnip. He comes into the house and eats my food and all he does is growl. Snooks and her family try to keep him out although he keeps sliding in somehow. I hope he won't stay here long because I would like to be in peace.

April 28, 1934

I'm glad to say that Bozo, the new cat, won't be around anymore. Today when Snooks' mother was setting the table Bozo jumped up on the table and took a piece of meat. Snooks' mother was so mad that she put red pepper all around the door so that he won't come in anymore. That makes me feel pretty big because now I use the front door all the time.

June 14, 1935

Today we went on a long ride, that took us about five hours, in an automobile. This morning at about seven o'clock we started and I was so scared that they had to put me in a potato bag with my head sticking out till finally I got used to riding. After that they let me out of the bag and I went to sleep in Snooks' lap. After a long time we arrived and to my surprise we weren't going to live in a house but in a tent. In fact, except for a few buildings, the whole place was covered with tents. That night I slept on top of two suitcases instead of in a nice comfortable chair.

June 19, 1935

I was never insulted so much as I was today. Last night I was walking around the tent grounds and got in the wrong tent,

(Continued on page 20)

Mickey's New Dog

Barbara Jenkins '42

Mickey was a twelve year old girl. Her real name was Madeline May Johnson. She lived on Winter Street. Mickey wanted a dog very much. Her birthday was coming near and Mickey was very excited. Her parents were poor but still she hoped she would get a dog just the same, not that she didn't care about her parents, but she wanted a dog very much.

Two weeks before her birthday Mickey went down town with her Mother. They were talking about a dog.

"But, Mother, I have saved up a dollar at least and you must have some money," Mickey was saying.

"But," Mrs. Johnson said, "that money has to be used for other things."

"I will go without all of my birthday presents if you will only get me a dog."

"But, Mickey"

"Oh, Mother, look at that darling little dog."

"He is cute, isn't he?"

"Mother, he looks lost. Could we take him home?"

"Mickey! Don't you dare pet him. He is as dirty as I don't know what and you certainly can not take him home. Come on, now. We have some shopping to do."

"All right," Mickey said unwillingly.

Then they went to a grocery store. When they were coming out, Mickey exclaimed. "There is that little dog again."

"Don't pay any attention to him. He may go where he belongs."

Mickey and her Mother went to several more stores, each time coming out to see the strange dog. The dog would wag his tail and wait until they started to go, then follow them. It was after sundown and was fast turning cold. Suddenly it started to snow.

"Are we almost through now, Mother? I am very cold."

"We only have one more place to go."

A few minutes later she said, "There now we're all through. Let's hurry home."

The dog was still following them, when they got home.

"I am sorry I have to give in, Mickey. I can't stand to see that poor dog shivering like that. Put him in the cellar."

"Oh, Mother, you are a dear!"

Mickey opened the cellar door and the dog gladly went in.

That night Mickey's Mother put an advertisement in several papers. A few days later Mickey called out, "Mother, a man is coming up the sidewalk."

"Here, take my apron out to the kitchen and hang it up. The man is probably here to see about Ginger."

For that is what they had named the dog.

Buz-z-z-z . . .

"Does Mrs. Johnson live here?" asked the stranger.

"I am Mrs. Johnson."

"Oh, pardon me. I saw your advertisement in the *Times* about a dog."

"Yes, I did put it in. Won't you come in?"

The stranger came in and took the best chair.

He is not very courteous, said Mrs. Johnson to herself.

"Well, Spot was my dog and I let him out one night after supper, which I had never done before. You see, I had tried to sell him but did not get results. I am poor and am going to Chicago soon so I could not keep him. Well, as I was saying, I let him out hoping he would go away to some kind person. He did run

away, but I was not sure of the other part. When I saw your advertisement I came up here as fast as I could. I do not want him back, but will sell him for two dollars. Could I see Spot, please?"

"Why... why yes, of course. I will ask Mickey to get him. Oh... she is my daughter," Mrs. Johnson said, seeing the startled look on the stranger's face.

"Mickey! Mickey! I guess she went out. I'll get Spot. We call him Ginger."

Mrs. Johnson went out into the kitchen. "Here, Ginger, come on into the living-room."

Ginger ran in to the stranger.

"Hello, Spot."

Spot, or Ginger, played with the visitor for a while. Finally an agreement was made. Mickey was to have the dog for her birthday.

When Mickey's birthday came, Mickey was so happy she cried. So she got her dog after all.

STUCK!

Margaret Eaton '40

Oh, what'll I write? Oh, what'll I say?
I *knew* Friday the 13th was an unlucky day.

For, listen my friends and weep for me,
I've received an assignment, and I'm up in a tree.

I'm trying to enter the "Manet" contest.
My teacher expects me to do my best.
Oh me! Oh my! Just hear me sigh,
I can't think of a word however I try.

* * * *

There was a young lady of Gloucester,
Who ate for her breakfast a lobster.

Instead of the meat,
The shell she did eat;

Think, if you can, what it cost her.

Harry Johnson '40

(Continued from page 18)

When suddenly a lady jumped up in bed and cried, "Help! A skunk!" I ran away as fast as I could because I didn't want the skunk to get me, but today when I was in front of my own tent and the same lady went by, she looked at me and said, "That's what I saw! I thought it was a skunk!" After that I kind of wished I wasn't black and white, but then I guess that can't be helped.

Nov. 3, 1936

Today a new cat came into the neighborhood. He is all black without a speck of white on him and he is also angora like me. His name is Lucky. I think we will have a lot of fun together as we get along beautifully. At least I hope we will, anyway.

Nov. 16, 1936

Today Lucky and I had a lot of fun for we had everyone looking for us and no one could find us. While roaming around the house, we found one of the drawers open in Snooks' bureau. We jumped in and went to sleep on a nice comfortable sweater. Later everyone was calling and we woke up to find ourselves closed up in the drawer. As we found no way to get out, we immediately started crying and everyone came rushing in to let us out of the drawer. After this we decided we wouldn't get in any more drawers.

This is the end of my diary. I have gone through it and taken out the things that I thought were the most interesting. I hope you will too.

"TIPPY"



(my mark)



THE BAND

FRONT ROW, *left to right*—R. French, D. Dunn, R. Stevens, R. Porthouse, D. Kenney, E. Young, A. Senter, D. Pitman, F. Hauck, Miss Christman.

SECOND ROW—R. Daly, H. Wills, G. Borst, R. Bowman, P. Watson, E. Kirkland, E. Carlson, J. Molloy, D. Phinney, J. Atkins, A. Randall, D. Stanton.

THIRD ROW—A. Reynolds, D. Jess, G. Page, P. Buck, R. Doherty, L. Anderson, L. Grohe, F. Sherwin, G. Woodbury, J. Sharpe, L. Oliver, B. Yale.

FOURTH ROW—R. Coleman, R. Hanes, P. Engley, R. Kenney, G. Shirley, P. Tupper.

(Band members) *not in picture*—

J. Dodge, A. Goulart, B. Hall, N. Hurd, J. Queeny, D. Ross, H. Scollin.



ORCHESTRA

FIRST ROW — G. Page, C. Metzger, F. Caseley, M. Barton, E. Knowlton, L. Caruso, C. Senter, R. Reynolds, L. M. Kelley, J. Smith.

SECOND ROW — L. Chandler, R. Christman, R. Kenney, T. De Loid, E. Walsh, R. Atkins, D. Phinney, L. Oliver.

THIRD ROW — R. Goodoak, V. Georgian, M. Simmons, G. Shirley, R. Daley, A. Georgian, A. Senter.

FOURTH ROW — G. Sherwin, J. Atkins, A. Randall, D. Stanton.

Prize Song - 1937

Words and Music by
Robert Haynes, '37.

Alla Marcia

Go on and hit that line, North Quincy! It is our turn to win to-

day. Go right on down and cross that goal line; show them that our team sure can

play. We'll have a touchdown in three minutes; watch the end in that trick play. Go on and

hit that line, North Quincy! It is our turn to win to-day.

Victory Song

March Tempo *Words and Music by
H. F. Forest.*

Sing our song of vic-to-ry For North, North, North!

Cheer our team to vic-to-ry! Now fight, fight, fight, fight, North!

Fight and drive old-* back. Bring glo-ry to the red and black. The

game is done when vic-try's won. Go, North Quincy High.

* Insert name of rival school

Watch our team go down the field for North, North, North!
 Their true hearts will never yield; now fight, fight, fight, fight, North!
 Loyal we will ever be. Our school will win this victory.
 We love its name; we'll bring it fame.
 Go, North Quincy High!

Song Suggestions

Tune: MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND—

We'll cheer for you, North Quincy High,
Stand behind you, do or die.
Plunge boldly now right down the field,
Hold that line and never yield.
North Quincy High,
We're true to you;
Loyal we'll be,
What e're you do.
So onward then to victory,
Hopes of glory lie in thee.

Tune: ANCHORS AWEIGH—

Cheer for North Quincy High,
Rip down the field.
There go our heroes bold,
Fighting always toward the goal.
Keep your eyes on the ball,
For you will see
North Quincy plunging on
Straight o'er the line to victory.

Doris Kenney '37.

Tune: PUT ON YOUR OLE RED BONNET—

Unpack that ole red bonnet
With the N. Q. on it,
And we'll march right into the foe.
For we have a reason
To spoil their season
When we cross over their goal.

Put on that nice red bonnet
With the N. Q. on it,
And we'll march right down the field.
For it's not for vict'ry
That we play old Quincy,
But the sport that we see there.

Henry Hibbard '40.

"These Durn Dudes"

Leonore Johnson '39

In Texas bright, I live, I do,
Among'st an awful lot of dudes,
I love to punch, or ride, or shoot,
And doggonit I love to hoot —

Refrain: Oh, yippee-yee, oh yippee-yay,
I love to sing the live-long day,
I yip, I yap, I hip and hoot,
And end it with a hip-hooray!

One morning I did meet a dude
Who totes a coupla' reg'lar guns,
I up an' spat right in his eyes,
Grabbed his gun, an' then' I cries —

Refrain —

That dude, he ran right thru' the fence
That caged a bull whose nerves were tense,
He jumped, but didn't get quite out,
An' so he got an awful clout!

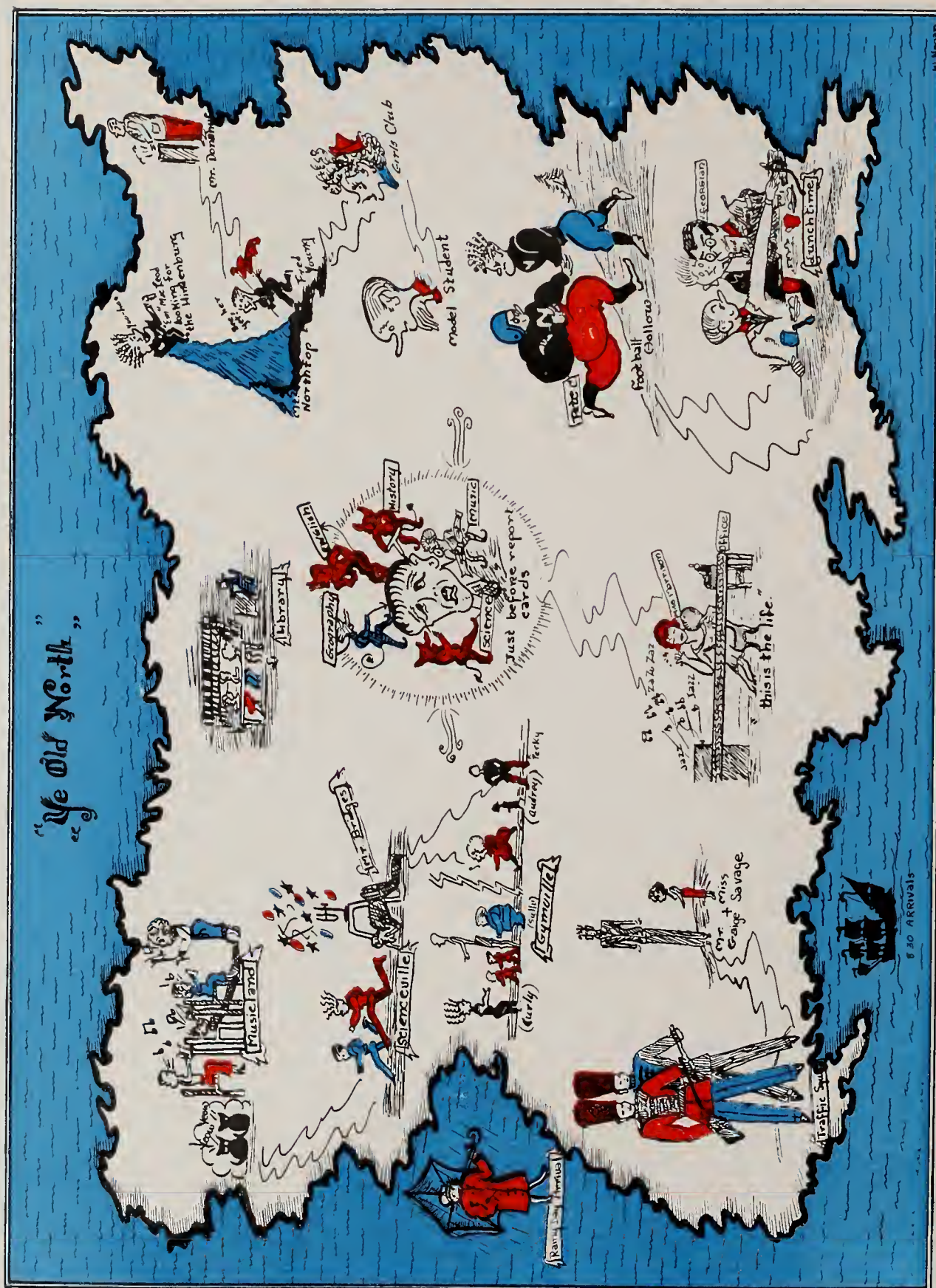
Refrain —

The butt he got was not quite fatal,
But hard enough for him to say,
"I'll never come out west again,
I'll go back where cows are tame."

Refrain —

I'll end my tale of that dude right now —
He couldn't take it anyhow!
I gotta go an' fetch my hoss
An' stop swingin' boloney back'n'forth!

Refrain —



Our Commercial Department

We here at North are extremely fortunate in having one of the best equipped commercial departments to be found in any school regardless of its size, not only in our own State but in the entire east. North High has been a senior high school for only a very short time. From the very beginning of the senior unit extreme care has been used in selecting courses of study, mechanical equipment, and personnel. In this way a fine commercial department has been built.

For the pupil who is interested in entering the business field immediately upon graduation, our commercial department offers a complete line of training in a great variety of fields. Any pupil who pursues any one of the many branches of work in which he may receive instruction, will find, as others have found who have already graduated, that the work prescribed for him to follow is equivalent to that offered by many of our business colleges both in quantity and quality of instruction.

We are told that today is a day of machines and that the people who are planning to enter the field of either industry or business must be equipped to handle some form of machinery. In equipping our commercial department here at North we find that the policy has been one of conservative modernism. In keeping up the standard of instruction in this department it has been the object of those who purchased the equipment to study carefully the field of business before putting in for instructional purposes any new type of office machinery. At the present time the equipment in our commercial department is not only thoroughly modern, but is the type of equipment which is found to be standard in the great majority of our business establishments.

It is to the credit of our Superintendent

of Schools and the School Committee that we are fortunate enough to have this up-to-date equipment. The entire setup of this department is a tribute to their progressiveness and their interest in providing for those pupils whose objective is immediate employment every facility necessary to their thorough and complete training.

When we consider that approximately one-third of the entire senior unit of our school is enrolled in our commercial department, it will be easily seen that our investment in equipment and the instructional material has been made for a very sizeable portion of the school.

In addition to the complete commercial courses, this department also offers to other pupils in the home economics and civic curricula a chance to receive instruction in typewriting, general business principles, and in the field of retail salesmanship. All in all, we find here a field of training which is extremely valuable to pupils in all courses of study. Many of our college preparatory students find in this department an opportunity to learn to typewrite and thus acquire a skill which is of practical importance to them in the transcribing of college notes and in the preparation of college theses.

Designed to operate on a basis of practical knowledge and efficiency, our commercial department stands out as a fine example of the principles upon which it is based. In addition to the regular work of instruction in the field of commercial education, this department has taken on an added function, which, to the minds of those of us who are foresighted enough to think of the future, is of even greater importance than the giving of instruction.

A great deal of attention has been given

(Continued on page 47)



PHILIP MERRIVALE

A rotund man greeted me gruffly, "So you want to see Mr. Merrivale." Humbly I replied to the Cerberus of the stage door that such was my intention. Finally after a long wait in a narrow, hot, steamy corridor that lacked all of the romantic miscellanea of the backstage, I was escorted into the presence of Mr. Philip Merrivale. He received me so warmly and cordially that my nervousness evaporated. We took seats before his crowded dressing table.

When asked if he thought that Boston was still America's most cultured city, he refused to commit himself, though he admitted that Boston received his plays more warmly than any other city in which he had played. Mr. Merrivale has had Shakespeare (he played in *Macbeth* in Boston last year) and prefers those roles to the modern drama in spite of the fact that they are more difficult. Without the slightest hesitation, he acknowledged that the lead in the *Road to Rome* was his favorite part. We then wandered into a brief discussion of the Theatre Guild. He explained that he felt that this plan would never replace the individual productions simply because after sixteen years the two plans still run side by side. He attributed the oc-

casional unsuccessful years of the Guild to the fact that, unlike the individual productions, the Theatre Guild must present six winning plays a year, which is obviously very improbable. Too soon my time was up and that genial actor towered graciously above me as I took my leave.

S. H.



PAULINE CLARK

Winnie Becker, '38

When I was told to interview the leading lady of the Senior Class Play, Miss Pauline Clark, I had no more of an idea how to go about it than if I had been asked to contact a professional actress. Obtaining the interview proved almost as much a problem, as the greater part of the young actress's time was devoted to rehearsing for the play. As a matter of fact the interview started at the center counter in the cafeteria and was concluded on the hall steps of Miss Chamberlain's studio.

Miss Clark is sixteen, and has spent five

years studying elocution. After graduation she intends to go to a dramatic school and continue the development of her talents on the stage. Nothing pleases her more than a large audience; she is never nervous before crowds. The height of her ambition is to portray Shakespeare's Portia. She believes that one is an actress only when she has played in Shakespeare, and that the most outstanding of his roles is that of the first woman lawyer. Her answer to whether she thought there was an opportunity for amateurs on the professional stage was that good actors are most welcome on any stage.

Miss Clark enjoys reading very much. Her favorite books are fiction, biographies of interesting people, and plays, the latter constituting the greater part of her reading matter. Her other hobbies are music (voice) and elocution; she spends much time in the practise of both. Miss Clark takes an active interest in tennis, basketball, swimming, and indoor roller skating. As for spectator sports, she enjoys nothing better than improving the cheering section at a good football game.

When asked how she found time to study during Play season, she groaned and enumerated the mornings that she had been forced to rise at 6:00 A. M., in order to complete assignments, after "hitting the hay" at 11:00 P. M. the night before.

Miss Clark finds acting in the "Show-off" fun. The characters are all suited to their parts. The play itself is very real; it might be taken from life. The characters are such as one might see any day among his neighbors.

With her poise and friendliness, Miss Clark is almost bound to be a success in her career.

JOHN BUCKLEY

Ellen Oldham '38

Mr. Hofferty was clearing out the auditorium and the cast was on the stage when I finally snared the busy John Buckley, the "Show-off" of the Senior Class Play. He came running up the stairs with his characteristic unselfconsciousness and was so at ease that he made me completely so.

Buckley's chief hobby is acting and his opinions on the subject are very interesting. He likes to play character parts best for he says that anyone who plays such parts well is a good actor. He confesses to a certain nervousness on the stage but this doesn't bother him. In his opinion it is only natural and is one of the qualifications of a good actor.

Mr. Buckley thinks that the "Show-off" is a "stupendous play" and that there are many true examples of the characters in the world of today. Those who saw him as "Dick Dead-eye" in "H. M. S. Pinafore" last year, know he can sing his parts as effectively as he speaks them. He prefers to speak them, as speech can be made more expressive than singing.

Because of the variety of museums, art centers, theatres, libraries, and colleges, Mr. Buckley believes emphatically that Boston is the most cultural city in the United States. He likes spicy detective stories and all original books, is interested in hockey and sports in general, and likes to sing to himself.

Next year Mr. Buckley hopes to go to law school, where, with such a command of the English language, and with such a voice, he is, doubtless, destined to be a great success.





LA LANGUE FRANCAISE

Stephen H. Horton '37

Après que les romains vainquirent la France, les Celtes commencèrent à se servir de la langue latine. Ce ne fut pas la langue classique de Rome, mais le langage vulgaire des provinces. Les déclinaisons latines et les conjugaisons latines étaient trop difficiles pour les sauvages des forêts. Ils voulaient la simplicité. A la fin, le français se développa sans déclinaisons. Ces sauvages n'ajoutèrent pas beaucoup de mots; ainsi la plupart des mots français furent d'origine latine.

Jusque récemment, le français a été le langage diplomatique. Le français est la langue la plus évidente et la plus précise. On le parle en France, en Belgique, en Suisse, dans l'est du Canada, et dans les colonies françaises — 62.000.000 gens.

COMMENT LA FRANC GARDE SON OR

Robert Townes '37

Dans la Banque de France il y a toujours un capital d'environ \$4,000,000,000 en or. C'est la plus grande collection de ce métal précieux du monde, après celle des États-Unis.

Pour garder cette somme énorme, la Banque emploie des précautions extraordinaires. Ni voleurs avec les meilleurs instruments, ni ennemis avec des bombes ne le trouveraient facile à parvenir à ce trésor-ci. Les voutes vastes sont sous la ville de Paris, — 200 pieds dessous, protégées par le roc solide d'une épaisseur de 50 pieds et par un lac souterrain assez profond pour flotter l' "Ile de France".

Pour arriver à ces caves on descend par un ascenseur, et puis on traverse six tours d'acier dure avec de grosse portes du même métal que font ouvrir six moteurs électriques.

En temps de danger, mille employés de la Banque descendraient dans la grande chambre du trésor qui est large de deux acres et, grace à ses murs de ciment, invulnérable à la bombe et au gaz; ils seraient saufs en défendant le trésor de la France. Ils pourraient y demeurer indéfiniment et à leur aise, parce qu' on a là-bas des cuisines, des provisions, et de la vaisselle, du linge, et des lits. En effet, c'est une vraie ville qui se trouve audessous de Paris. Il y a, là, assez de nourriture pour durer pendant un long siège. L'air frais est fourni par un moyen secret. Hors de ces précautions, la France a d'autres façons de garder sa bourse: elle ne court jamais de risque avec ses billions.



LA CUISINE DE FRANCE

Elaine Baker '37

La cuisine de France a atteint à son dernier degré de perfection, et on la considère maintenant comme un art. Il y a une raison pour cette perfection que les étrangers pensent, sans doute, être exécutée par la magie. Tout le monde pourrait savoir faire, par exemple, une soupe à l'oignon, et néanmoins cette soupe n'aurait pas le même goût que celle qu'on a savourée à Paris. C'est parce qu'on n'en savait pas le recette, ou qu'on ne l'a pas suivie exactement.

Une espèce de restaurant populaire où on sert des grillades est la rôtisserie, où, au-dessus du feu dans une grande cheminée on grille et sert les viandes grillées comme une spécialité.

Une espèce de café qui s'est devenue populaire à Paris depuis la guerre est le salon de thé. Ces salons se montrent, d'ordinaire, avec des bancs le long des murs d'une seule salle. Ici les gâteaux et les consommations sont chers mais délicieux.

Dans la campagne en province, chaque ville a son plat spécial qui rend fameuse cette région.

Ainsi, non seulement à Paris, mais partout en France, on trouve les Français les artistes de la cuisine.



LA LIGNE MAGINOT

William Macomber '38

couragera probablement tous les efforts d'attaquer le pays à ce lieu-là. Elle se montre une des défenses les plus modernes du monde.



AU BORD DE LA MER

Dorothy Jacques '37

ent et grommèlent à n'importe qui passe par là. Par un temps pareil, les vagues ne sont jamais tranquilles à cause du vent. Il n'y a ni repos ni calme pour un flâneur qui se trouve alors sur plage. Et il n'y en a pas pour moi non plus, car le vent, en faisant voler partout mes cheveux et mes vêtements me pousse brusquement le long de la côte, et, comme un méchant enfant, il refuse de me laisser la paix. Néanmoins, il me fait toujours un plaisir de me rendre au bord de la mer par n'importe quel temps.

DEPUIS la Grande Guerre la France a achevé un des plus grands exploits de génie militaire que ce monde a jamais vu. Elle a bati un mur de fortifications que étend le long de la frontière du nordest pour se protéger contre des invasions des ennemis étrangers. Cependant, ce mur, qui se nomme la Ligne Maginot, est situé sous la terre où il y a des casemates cachées au-dessus de la terre pour les canons et les mitrailleuses. Ce mur est en effet imprenable car on a bâti ces fortifications pour résister à tous les instruments de guerre. Une barrière telle que celle-ci dé-

J'aime à entendre le bruit des vagues. Quelquefois, en beau temps, elles chuchotent et murmurent doucement sur le sable de la plage. Mais quand il fait mauvais, il semble qu'elles grond-

LES JEUX ET LES DIVERTISSEMENTS FRANCAIS

Everett Pope '37

En France, il n'y a pas de jeu national, comme aux États-Unis et en Angleterre. Néanmoins, on ne doit pas penser que la France est un pays sans divertissements. Tous les lycées des garçons ont maintenant leurs équipes de football, aussi bien que des clubs de récréation. L'assistance à leurs jeux de football est peu, et ceux qui y assistent ne sont que ceux qui passent par là par hasard. C'est une qualité du Français qu'il s'intéresse plus à ses propres efforts qu'à ceux d'autrui. Il aime mieux jouer lui-même que de regarder jouer les autres.

En outre, dans les lycées, les exercices gymnastiques deviennent rapidement une partie de leurs programmes scolaires, et on joue beaucoup au tennis. Les jeux de la crosse et de l'escrime, cependant, sont encore limités aux riches. Ces jeux de combat personnel sont plus adaptés au tempérament français que les divertissements auxquels plusieurs prennent part.

L'auto offre en France un divertissement de luxe, car les autos n'y sont pas si nombreuses qu'aux États-Unis. Les bicyclettes sont très populaires, et les gens de toutes classes jouissent de longues excursions à la campagne pittoresque hors des villes. Les chemins de fer aident ces bicyclistes, et ils font transporter aux provinces leurs bicyclettes à bon marché.

Le théâtre est le plus important de tous les divertissements français. Il y en a plus de cent à Paris même, desquels quelques-uns sont soutenus par le gouvernement. Des pièces de toutes sortes sont présentées par les meilleurs acteurs, des classiques de Molière aux comédies d'aujourd'hui. Quant à la musique, on jouit beaucoup des Opéras, des Opéras-Comiques, et des concerts. Malgré la perfection du cinéma, tous les villages excepté les plus petits ont leurs théâtres où se présentent des pièces en saison.

Le seul divertissement dans lequel les français excellent et celui qu'ils aiment le plus, c'est la conversation. Bien des fois, à une soirée, on n'offre aucune autre diversion aux invités. Même les enfants français apprennent à bien parler, et ils peuvent causer facilement avec les adultes. Ainsi, une causerie avec n'importe quel Français — un paysan, un artisan, un bourgeois, ou une personne de haut rang — est une expérience agréable.



TRES INTELLIGENTE

Mary Margaret Fullerton '38

Une après-midi amies de madame Dumas faisaient une visite chez elle. Quand madame Dumas était dans la cuisine, une de ses amies a fait des observations à propos de la jeune fille de la maison. Elle dit, "Pas très j-o-l-i-e," en épelant le mot. La petite fille a répondu, "Pas très j-o-l-i-e, mais très i-n-t-e-l-l-i-g-e-n-t-e."

NOTRE CHIEN

Virginia Hardy '37



Nous avons un chien
Tout en bland, vraiment beau.
Bien qu'il ne soit pas gros,
Il aboie très bien.
Quand à nous il revient,
On n'a pas de repos.

LES CHATS

Sydney Leonard '37



LES CHATS semblent bien stupides. Ils s'asseyent jour après jour en regardant fixement le vide. Sinon, ils courent un peu, et s'ils sont jeunes, ils essaient de saisir leurs queues. Mais ils ne vont pas à l'école. Ils ne peuvent pas apprendre le français! Est-ce que cela veut dire que les chats n'ont pas l'intelligence? Mais non, cher lecteur. Pouvez-vous boire du lait d'une soucoupe sans mettre le nez dedans? Ou pouvez-vous marcher sans peur sur un mur que n'a que quatre pouces de largeur? Pouvez-vous attraper une souris sans souricière? Eh bien, ne dites

jamais que les chats sont bêtes. Les chats ont leur place dans l'univers, et s'ils font très bien ce qu'il leur faut faire, ils jouent bien leur rôle dans la vie.

JEANNE d'ARC

Marion Blair '37



JEANNE d'ARC, heroine nationale de la France naquit en 1412, pendant le temps que les Anglais furent maitre de son pays. Elle fut la fille de paysans pauvres qui demeuraient à Domremy, petit village de Lorraine.

Lorsqu'elle était très jeune, Jeanne allait souvent à l'église, et même quand elle était dans les champs elle priait. Pendant son enfance elle entendait des voix qui lui parlaient.

Quand elle eut dix-huit ans, elle entendit une voix qui lui avait parlé auparavant. Elle lui dit cette fois, "Jeanne, va au secours du roi de France." Jeanne répondit toute tremblante qu'elle ne savait ni monter à cheval, ni commander les soldats.

Cependant, elle obéit à l'ordre, et traversa la France ravagée et désertée. Enfin elle arriva à la

cour de Charles VII. Elle lui dit que Dieu l'envoyait sauver la France de la domination des Anglais, et le roi lui donna une armée.

Elle fut si vaillante dans la guerre que rien ne l'effrayait, et ce fut à cause d'elle que les Français furent vainqueurs à Orléans en 1429.

Après être allée à Reims pour faire sacrer le roi, elle partit pour faire le siège de Paris. Cependant, elle ne réussit pas à s'en emparer, et elle partit pour Compiègne avec ses soldats. Hélas! ici elle se trouva vaincue, et Jeanne fut faite prisonnière, fut accusée d'être sorcière, et fut condamnée à être brûlée à Rouen.

Par son courage, Jeanne d'Arc vit dans les coeurs des Français, et sa vie est un exemple et une inspiration à tous.

(From *The Omnibus Boners*)

Cela va sans dire — It walks without talking.

Chemin de fer — A fur shirt.

Hors d'oeuvre Out of work.

Voici l'Anglais avec son sangfroid habituel Here comes the Englishman with his usual bloody cold.

Le peuple ému répondit The purple emu laid another egg.

La belle dame sans merci — The beautiful lady who never said "Thank you".

A Letter From Gordon Shields '36

This is the biography of a boy who was taken up, tossed thirty-two hundred miles away, and let down to earth with a resounding bump on the soil of California. Before I weave this strange tale of my life to date, the philosophy of one who greatly impressed and influenced the boy comes to me. He, the sage, spake these words, "Dates don't matter as long as you come within a few years of hitting them." This wondrous piece of intellectual profundity so left its mark upon me that time is entirely left out of this narrative.

Upon leaving the portals of learning, I determined to find new worlds to conquer. Looking around at the smug complacency of my neighbors, I decided that California was farthest away without being foreign territory. So, off on the open road, set I and Gardenella, my trusty chariot. We had no trepidation, no prospects, and no money; naught but youth. The journey proved eventful, with many points of interest, and sights that were both beautiful and awful. Some carried such a sense of beauty that they momentarily took the breath, such as the sunrise over the mountains bordering the Great Salt Lake when the first rays strike the incredibly blue water. Others, like the burning arid wastes of the middle west with a fiery sun wilting the corn as it struggles for existence, brought a sudden awakening to one whose only idea of this terrible happening had come by the newspapers. But the most sickening yet most unique experience came on the vast expanses of Nevada. For after turning off a paved road onto an oiled road, I looked ahead to see — the road moving! Visions of D. T.'s, nightmares, and hallucinations flashed through my mind. I jumped out of the car — and dove back in again. On the road, covering every

inch of it, were small dark insects — locusts! The oil prevented them from flying but with an intensity that was terrible to see, they marched across the road and over the fields devouring everything in their path. They covered five miles of road and were shoveled three feet deep on either side.

Thus, after a most interesting and educational trip, I landed on the golden shores of the golden land of golden opportunity, CALIFORNIA! Strange to say, the streets are not paved with gold, the women are not all beautiful, and the sun doesn't shine all the time. Yet it is a beautiful country and it grows on one until the spell is nell-nigh unbreakable.

Upon arrival in the northern part of the state, I sought work diligently but to no avail. Jobs were scarce and money scarcer. So down to the southern section roared I and Gardenella, finally alighting in Los Angeles. Los Angeles and Hollywood intrigued me immensely for a time. But soon even the premieres of the picture city lost their novelty and I turned my wandering toward other fields.

About this time an offer was made to me that filled my innocent heart with joy. A chance to go down to the desert, ten miles from famous Palm Springs, and build canvas covered houses for a "man" who was going to sell garden furniture. The terms were bountiful to extremes. The whole thing sounded good, so it was "desert hoo!"

My life on the desert deserves separate paragraphs. The first few days were Hell. Every day the temperature goes to one-hundred fourteen. Each motion of the body must be slow; water must be taken every fifteen minutes, two gallons a day. After a few days I was not bothered by

the heat and rapidly became tanned a golden bronze.

The desert itself is beautiful and awe inspiring. Picture a deep cut valley between two ranges of mountains, the soil of sand dotted by cactus and mesquite, with a dry, hot wind blowing, that sometimes howls up to 70 miles per hour. Perhaps it doesn't sound lovely but the very barren starkness of it all is the basis of its impressiveness. The days are long but are gone as the wind when the full glory of night drops its black curtain. To lie flat on the ground underneath a sky so ablaze with stars that it seems as though they are a million searchlights shining through the floor of heaven—that is to live. And then a great yellow gleaming ball pulls itself slowly over a distant mountain, gradually bathing the whole world in radiance as it climbs up an invisible ladder. On nights like this the silence of a tribute to God's wonders reigns all night.

It could not last. I was too contented, learning to work with my hands and liking it. My life and my home was in the desert. But disagreements with the employer arose and once more I was a homeless waif.

Still the desert called me. The coast cities suffocated me, the fume laden air stifled my breath, and I fled—back to home on the desert. And the Gods smiled on one come back, offering me a job as bell-hop in a hotel on the desert's edge, surrounded by all the might of Nature's works, which I had learned to love. So today I sit, gazing serenely out upon scenes that will be forever fixed in my memory.

Thus my tale ends. The boy concludes his story. Motive seems to be missing but perhaps it is a touch of homesickness, a queer malady that strikes in the most unexpected places. What is to be is to be; the future holds no fear. Such is the philosophy the spaces breed.



PRIZE SNAPSHOT by Wallace Bixby '37

Exchange

Feeling that a mere comment on other magazines was not a particularly valuable or interesting method of exchange, the MANET has this year chosen to reprint selections of particular worth.

Miss May F. Steer was an exchange teacher from England last year. Selections from her "Impressions of Thayer Academy" show us something of the English surprise at the American educational system.

"On my first morning I wondered if some great speaker were to address the school, whom distinguished guests were arriving to hear; but no; all those cars were driven by the pupils themselves. Then, instead of the soberly clad girls in school uniform, who stood in respectful silence to greet me at the beginning and end of each lesson, numbers of young women, elegantly dressed and groomed, had the air of just dropping in for an hour or so. They, and the tall youths who lounged into the classrooms, were completely occupied by their own affairs until the bell rang.

. . . . I was interested to discover that real people, outside American movies, said 'O. K.' The first football rally I heard startled me a little, but the only time I felt in a foreign land was when I heard organized cheering. The first match looked like organized murder. . . . Some of the men on the faculty, by hard, patient work, taught me a little about football I am almost persuaded that co-education is the only kind worth having, and I am going to miss boys dreadfully. I admit that those who waste time, waste it thoroughly, but they are few The Academy has done its best to improve my English. Instead of the short words that the low old world uses, I know, for instance, that a car is an automobile, a lift an elevator, a flat an apartment, a lesson a recitation, homework an assignment. Then "docile" rhymes with "fossil" and "fertile" with "turtle"; and so on. I shall try to get two delightful emendations of "*Twelfth Night*" authorized in England. "Hold! Here come the officers!" appears as "Cheese it! The cops!" and "Exit" as "Scram".

(Reprinted from *The Black and Orange* by permission of Thayer Academy.)

The following poems are but samples of the highly creditable work done by the pupils of the Augusta Louis Troup Junior High School.

RAIN

Jean Markham, Grade 8

God,
Has your seamstress
Forgotten to patch
The many little holes
In the dark, canvas tent
Above me?

Because, God,
The water's leaking through.

SOUNDS

Grace Waite, Grade 7

The soft swishing of the water
On the prow of the ship
Is like the gentle ripping sound
Of old silk tearing.

THE HILL

Lillian Pious, Grade 8

The road,
A dusty giant,
Heaved its breast
And sighed.

(Reprinted from *Trouplings* by permission of Augusta Lewis Troup Junior H. S.)

TO THE POLITICIAN

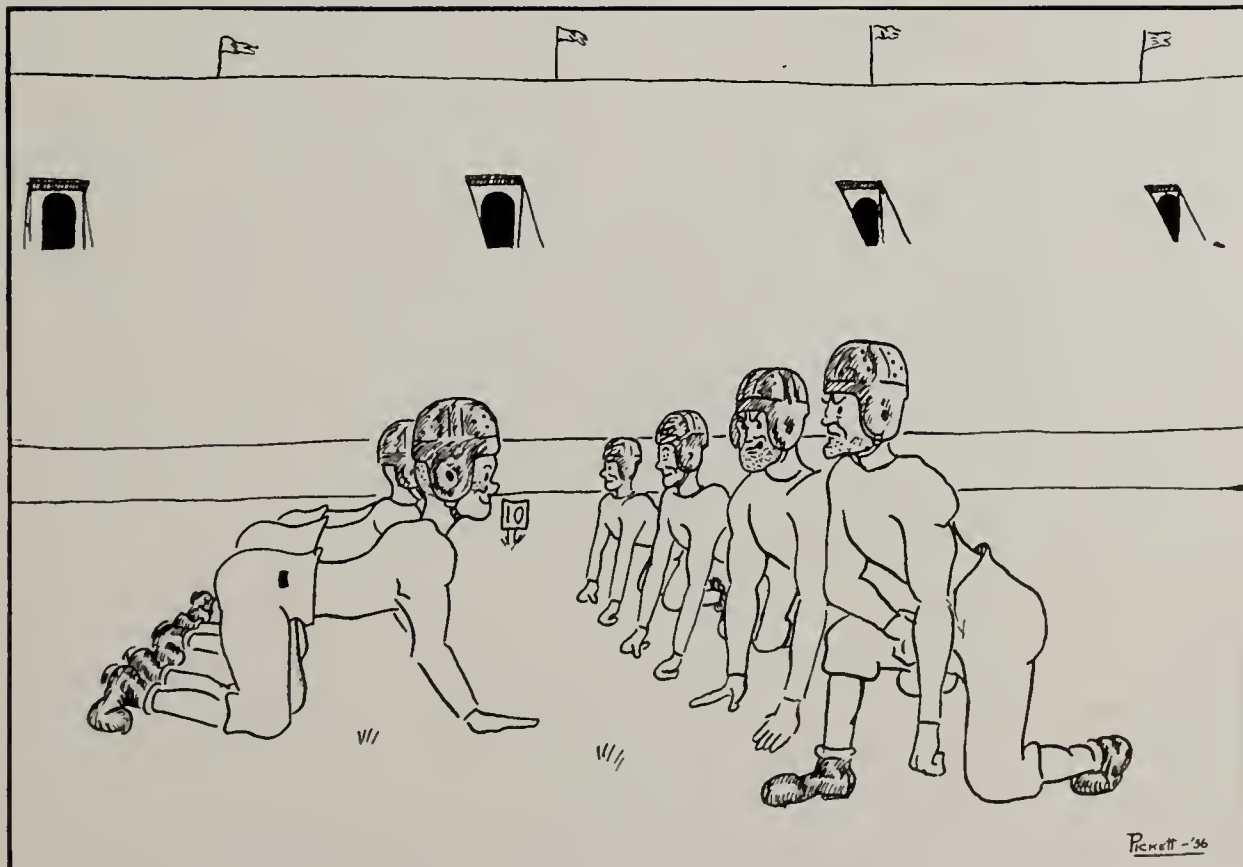
A PARODY

Robert Townes '37

He talks of "duty", like the knight,
In endless words and sugar'd lies.
And all that's worst of keen and bright
Meet in his language and his eyes,
Thus sharpened to that vulgar might,
Which Heaven to honest men denies.

One word the more, one tone the less,
Had half disclosed that hidden face
Which sees in every new distress
A vote to help him get a place,
Where grafts serenely large will mess
The State's finances for a space.

And on that mouth, and from that voice,
So cheap, so wroth, yet eloquent,
The smirks too smug, the threats too choice,
But tell of funds to voters "lent",
A mind at ease with all things low,
A chest whose cash is nearly spent.



"Hey Spike! He's the guy that voted us out of the Honor Society...."

THIS SIMIAN WORLD by Clarence Day

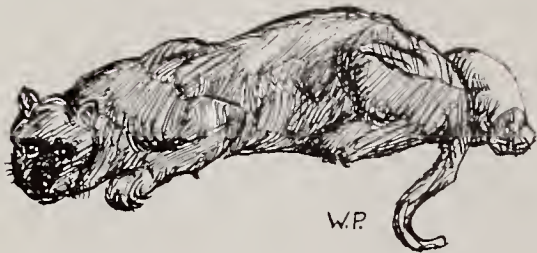
Reviewed by S. H. H. '37

Mr. Day has produced a lofty treatise on the subject of our simian ancestry. Under the pretense of supporting the Darwinian Theory, he asserts that all our books, inventions, discoveries, in fact all our cultural attainments are the result of our attempts to fulfill our monkey heritage. As monkeys we chatter incessantly; we are insatiably curious. What we might have been, did we trace our ancestry to creatures of another ilk, we shudder to contemplate. We consider with horror a mankind which embodies

the sluggish ruminations of the cow;



W.P.



W.P.

the sleek sinuosity of the cat;

or the ponderous gentility of the elephant.



W.P.

From what appalling catastrophes has the chattering, curious ape saved us! We remind our gentle reader that this is the theory advanced by Mr. Clarence Day. We cannot find ourselves in accord with such a thesis. Hence, it is necessary to establish nicely wherein this book has erred.

In order not to cite psychological reasons too deeply, we have decided that in this school there is evidence of the inconceivable errors of this book. Mr. Day would have credulous people believe that this school, or any other, is merely a collection of chatterboxes. Ah! But he is perhaps skeptical of the great erudition of the scholars. Our classes are not centers of monosyllabic babblings, but rather places where esoteric matters are weighed with profundity; where it is not uncommon to see our youths withdrawn into some unfrequented coign to peruse a somniferous descantation upon a minute philosophical point. Our corridors between classes are silent as the pupils indulge their meditations, not noisy with the superficial, exoteric

gossipings that Mr. Day would have us believe existed. Certainly after a visit to a great school, he would that we descended

not from apes



but from owls.



* We regret that we could not include the following words, but we are sure that our readers will overlook this great omission.

dessicated	evince	gargantuan	sycophant
defunct	sophistry	emendation	noisome
bovine	anfractuous	mendacity	epithets



THE GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW, *left to right*—V. Hardy, E. Rawson, E. Baker, E. Hawkins, E. Sauter, I. Westerling, D. Kenney, R. Buckley, R. Toomey, M. Fontaine, M. Deming, R. Cosgrove.
SECOND ROW—E. DeAvellar, E. Dame, E. Thompson, D. Patterson, G. Zallen, B. Morgan, B. Everson, R. Hayden, S. Goldberg, P. Cole
THIRD ROW—L. Chandler, B. King, E. Oldham, M. Gaudreau, P. Weden, H. Goldberg, L. Eaton, D. Naumann, J. Mattern, I. Kemp, Miss Christman.
FOURTH ROW—R. Hanes, D. Blatt, N. Des Champlain, W. Ball, F. Gillis, R. Gough, E. Mandeville.
FIFTH ROW—V. Georgian, R. Martell, R. Hirtle, A. Randall, H. Hathaway.



De Potestate Romana

Romae, 300,000 homines rei publicae nutriendi sunt. Nisi homines qui regnaverint eos nutrant, is multus populus rebus novis studeant. Homo cui potestas non est eis promittit ut curam maximam habeant. Nunc populus eum hominem, ducem, legit.

Reversus ex Gallia, Caesar populo multa frumentia et magnam pecuniam dedit. Is est notus. Senatus rei publicae eum praefecit. Si Caesar non interfectus esset, rex Romae regnavisset. Caesare mortuo, testamentum eius cuique Romano centum ex aero promisit. Octavius, filius adoptatus, dixit se ea quae testamentum iussisset laturum esse. Nunc populus idem Octavio, non Antonio favit. Octavius Antonium vincit. Is populus auxilio Octavio nunc erat quod is factis omnibus Octavi favit. Octavius eis retulit quod ille eos nutrit. Senatus nihil resistere potuit. Octavius erat imperator, rex, et deus. Senatus filium adoptatum Caesaris, Augustum, primum imperatorem Romanum, appellavit.

Lecta ex Lectis

Caius Julius, primus Caesaris, oculos habebat nigros et coruscentes (flashing) qui terrebant viros barbarissimos et fortissimos ut hi facerent quod vellet Caesar.

Marcus Antonius Cleopatram Aegypto reginam ita amabat ut ille huic dedit in toto provincias Phoeniciam, Syriam, Galiciam, et, in parte, Judaeam et Arabiam — "dono parvo lumini vitae."

Tiberius Caesar volebat Jesum Nazaretho fieri deum Romanum sed senatus contra concilium recutionem decrevit.

Caligula Caesar se consecravat et, sibi deo templum pulchrum aedificavit, et uxorem suam et equum suum pontifices decrevit. Equus Caligulae habitabat stabulum marmoreum, pascus est avenis auratis ex catinis magnis aureis et gemmis crustis. Hic imperator vesanus facere volebat equum amatum consulem sed ille mortus est.

THE PUBLIUD

*Joseph Morrisroe '37**The Characters*

PUBLIUS	The Hero
NIADIS	His Betrothed
TUS	The Villian

Book 1

Publius incedebat rubra Niade pulchra.
 Iactum lignum est illo funesto ad caput a
 To,
 Et secum portavit, hoc facto, minorem Tus
 Ut sceleratus haberet eam nuptam inde
 Columbi.

Book 2

Factus conscius ut famam heros diceret ivit
 Ad ius. Collegit homines magnos reperi-
 rent.
 Ut Tum qui aedibus acer noctem unum
 remanebat.
 Aedes compertae, circumventae ab populo
 sunt.

Book 3

Cum Tus videret facto illo in paene capi se,
 Is fugit cum primum ad equum rubrum
 celer unum.
 Sed lo! factus ligno est ex quo Publius
 heros,
 Venit et cepit maltum hunc dextra et
 tenuit is.

Book 4

Tus positus viginti annos in carcere magno
 est.
 Factus ligno equus altus pernicies erat eius
 Et Troiae. Insons facta est coniunx Niadis
 heros,
 Et vixerunt laetam vitam post prope
 Romam.

Notes

- L. 1. "rubra" — (lit. repainted) trans. "Who used
 several beauty aids".
 L. 2. "lignum" — "a club".
 L. 3. "minorem" — "the girl".
 L. 6. "ad ius" — "to the law".
 L. 15. "insons" — refers to "heros"; trans. "law-
 abiding".

PUBLIUS ET FURIANUS

Andrew Randall '39

Quondam duo Romani pueri erant. In libro nostro de eorum itinere ad Graeciam legimus ut ab magistris optimis Graecis doceantur et philosophos claros et rhetores audiant. Priusquam ierunt, cenam magnam donati sunt. Cena perfecta, et soleis ab servis paratis, in Appia Via profecti sunt ut pervenirent Brundisium. Saepe consistebant ut insignia loca viderent. In via sepulchrum clarum Caeciliae Metallae, Campum Sacrum Horationum, et cetera viderunt.

Tandem quarto decimo die, Brundisium pervenerunt. Brundisi navem petiverunt, sed tempestas magna in mari erat. Itaque manserunt et ad familiam scripserunt. Brundisi manebant diu ut sine periculo trans mare navigarent. Atque hanc urbem exploraverunt, et egressi sunt ut multa loca clara viderent. Cum Athenas pervenissent, ad suum magistrum Enchorionem processerunt, quem magistrum optimum putaverunt. Etiam ad multa loca clara Athenis procedebant. Parthenonem Athenarum spectaverunt, et multas litteras scripserunt.

OH YEAH!

Hades

Mi Discupli Carissimi:

Orationibus meis vos frue mihi gratis-
simus est. Ego etiam (ut doletis) doleo
quod multae orationes meae amissae sunt.
Vos his maxime frueremini. Sum

Tuus Carissimus

Marcus Tullius Cicero

ROMAN CUSTOMS

Russell Hirtle '39

The customs of the Romans were some-
times very peculiar. For instance, a curious
inscription often discovered on Roman
tombs is the expression: "May the earth
rest lightly on you." The ostentatious
Romans had their sepulchres placed near
the highways so that every one could see
them. Also, at meals the Roman men re-
clined on couches while the women sat on
the floor. The courses were served on
small tables which were placed before
each person. Then, too, the Romans had
so many holidays that only the priests
could remember them all. Furthermore, a
few ingenious Romans set buildings on fire
—for profit. While the building was
burning, they bought it. Then their slaves
extinguished the blaze and repaired the
house. Then the wily fellow sold the house
for much more than he had paid. These
customs seem very strange when compared
with ours.

IN THE LATIN CLASS

Pupil's paper: Principal parts of *fight*—
fighto, fightere, woundi, kiltus.

Mr. Alexander's comment:

failo, failere, flugi, flunctus.

TEETH

Thais habet nigros, niveos (snowy)
Laecania dentes.

Quae ratio est? Emptos (store) haec
habet, illa suos.

MAN

Homo est solum animal quod bis detrahi
(be skinned) potest.

TESTAMENTUM (A Will)

Ubi est testamuntum, ibi cognatae
(relatives) adsunt.



Not all the mistakes are in English.
Here are a few "classics", taken from *The
Omnibus of Boners*—

Habeas Corpus was a phrase used during
the great plague of London and means
"Bring out your dead".

Gallia omnis est divisa in partes tres — All
Gaul is quartered into three halves.

De Mortuis nil nisi bonum — There's no-
thing but bones in the dead.

Ave Domine — Lord, I am a bird.

Pax in bello — Freedom from indigestion.

Arma virumque cano — A gun, a man, and
a dog.

Leges Romanorum bonae erant — The legs
of the Romans were bony.

Omnia est Gallia, etc. — How ominous it
is that the Romans have so much gall.

Cave canem — Beware! I may sing!

THE PLANS OF MICE AND MEN

Kathleen Spillane '29

What have mice to do with you? Read and learn.

On October 24, 1936, in Room 424, ten unimportant-looking brown mice were born. A few weeks later, on November 14, two white mice arrived in this world. These mice are being carefully tended by their respective mothers and are being given special care by their sponsors in the Biology laboratory for they are the subjects of a long and interesting experiment.

What is this experiment and what will it show? It is a study in inheritance and it will show how the characteristics of mice are passed on from one generation to the next. The two white mice had a white father and a white mother. The recently born mice had to be white as there was nothing but whiteness for them to inherit. But the ten brown mice had a brown father and a white mother. Why weren't some of them brown and some white? Or why weren't they tan or even spotted?

The answers to these questions are found in the work of Gregor Mendel, a monk, who made his discoveries about inheritance in 1866. One of his discoveries was the Law of Dominance. By this he meant that the result of the crossing of two contrast-



ing characteristics, like tallness and shortness, brownness and whiteness, would not be a mixture of both. He proves that only one characteristic would appear in the next

generation, and he called that the dominant character. This shows why the baby mice were brown. Brown was the dominant color.

Our next step will be to cross two of the brown mice—remember, they had a brown father and a white mother. Do you know what color the next generation of mice will be? Will they be all brown or all white? Will some be brown and some white? The answers will be revealed in the progress of this experiment. Come up to the Biology laboratory and follow it with us.

From these experiments, if you understand them, you will be able to tell why you inherited certain characteristics from your mother and others from your father, and why you have in you a mixture of their traits.



SCIENCE AWARD

North Quincy High School again has the honor of being in the group of five hundred or more top high schools selected to present the Bausch and Lomb Honorary Science Award.

This award, in the form of a handsome bronze plaque by Walter Darwin Teague, is given to the student who has done the best work in science over a three year period. Last year the medal was presented to Albert Johnson. The aim of the award is to offer an incentive to high school students in the study of science, in the belief that some of the winners, thus encouraged, will make valuable contributions to the progress of tomorrow's science.

According to Mr. E. W. Nelson, Secretary of the Science Award Committee, all past winners of the plaque have done exceptionally well in college and in industry.



IT'S MORE FUN WHEN YOU KNOW THE
RULES. *Beatrice Pierce*

Do you like to have a good time? This question is obviously unnecessary but if you want to have a *better* time, read this book. Sometimes your pleasure may have been spoiled because you weren't just sure what to do in an emergency. This book is just the thing in that case. Even if you think you know *all* the rules, read it anyway; it's so much fun. Do you know how to make your room reflect your personality so well that your friends exclaim in delight over it? This book devotes a full chapter to redecorating and rearranging your room. It tells what to do when travelling, down to the proper amount for the last tip, what to do week-ending, how to throw successful parties; in fact it has about everything. Be sure to read "It's More Fun When You Know the Rules"; in the library under 395.

MANNERS IN BUSINESS. *MacGibbon*

Even if you have no interest in stenography or business, you will like this book. What to do when applying for a job, what to wear in the office, what makeup to wear, are all explained in detail and in such an interesting way you won't want to stop till you're through the whole thing. Also there is good sound advice on what to

do in certain emergencies. For instance, what would you do if the boss's wife dashed in breathing fire and brimstone (figuratively speaking, of course) when he was dictating to you? What would you do if your married boss invited you to supper? Would you wear backless sun dresses to work (we hope not, but you never can tell)? How would you treat the office Romeo? Would you correct the English in a letter you were typing? These questions utterly fail to cover the hundreds of points in the book but they give an idea of what to expect. Read it without fail; it's under 395 in the library.

PERSONALITY PREFERRED.
by Elizabeth Woodward

From the tips of her toes to the very part in her hair she was an immaculate example of what the young modern can be if she tries. Why? She'd read *Personality Preferred*. This fascinating book discusses everything from the daily bath to necking and how to entertain the boy friend. Do you know the clothes which compliment your type of beauty? All is explained here in such a way that you'll read it through from cover to cover once you start. Find it under 395 (unless you've been too slow).

D. F. '38.

BE CHEATED AND LIKE IT

Tooth pastes that contain deadly poisons, \$12 a jar face creams that cost the manufacturer \$.03 a jar, lash dyes that cause blindness. Death in bottles, cans, and boxes and a government that can't stop it. This is the subject of two recent books now in our library: "COUNTERFEIT" by *Arthur Kallet* and "AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS" by *Ruth Lamb*. Although, like "100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS" these books expose and dissect the frauds and claims of foods and drugs, there is a great difference in the treatment of the subject.

"COUNTERFEIT" is for casual study. Written in a light sarcastic vein, it contains many cleverly arranged and tersely

captioned photographs. Mr. Kallet, who is the Winchell of the drug trade, has collected enough vividly expressed facts to intrigue the wary consumer, but not enough details to satisfy the interested student.

"AMERICAN CHAMBER OF HORRORS" is more in the style or manner of a text book. Miss Lamb has obviously given her subject matter serious and intensive study. Her book with its detail of past and proposed legislation, test-cases, government action, etc. is ideal material for a floor-talk or special report on the ever-growing racket of making the American citizen sick with one costly preparation in order to cure him with another.

R. S. T. '37.

(Continued from page 27)

by those in charge of this department to the problem of employment for those pupils who have completed their high school course. It is the opinion of those in charge that the work of a teacher in the commercial field does not cease when the pupil has completed his course of instruction. It is upon the completion of the pupil's high school course that some of the most important work of the commercial department takes place. In view of this, contacts have been made with employers of labor and during the last three years it has been possible through these contacts to place in permanent employment all of the qualified students who desired work.

With jobs at a premium and employers overburdened with the applications of those who had experience, and who were unemployed because of the trying economic conditions, our commercial department has, by constantly keeping in touch with employers, and by giving its students the

finest training it is possible to give, been able to place its graduates into profitable employment.

The placement service conducted by our commercial department is not confined to those students who take the commercial course. It is open to all students, and many of our college preparatory, home economics, and civic curriculum graduates have been able to secure permanent employment. Here we find a department rendering a fine type of service to the school and to the pupil, not only while he is a member of the school but after he ceases to be a member. It is at this time that he needs guidance and assistance to an even greater degree than he did while a student within the school system.

Is it not appropriate that we say "hats off" to our commercial department and since it is a young department, as we are a young school, to wish it luck. We also wish it a continuation of the success which it has already enjoyed.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE GIRLS?

"Dot" Rooney '37

All fall we hear about the football team; after the first of the year, we learn about the boys' basketball team; and much to the surprise of many, on a certain night in February, we find that North Quincy High has a girls' basketball team. There must be such a team because girls play that night. Where did it come from? Is it just a pick-up team?

It's about time we got acquainted with the girls' sports here at North.

Right after the Christmas holidays, all girls interested, report for basketball. From then on practice is held once or twice a week. Finally, after weeks of hard work, a team is chosen, one really worthy of representing North. Mary Pratt was captain of last year's team and "Marge" Plumb, manager. The girls played three games: two with Quincy and one with the Alumnae. It was truly embarrassing for the girls — the day they played hosts to Quincy in an empty gym. The boys like a colorful crowd behind them. Do they think girls are an exception? The boys like fair play — yet — who supports most of the boys' games? The girls, of course. Who sells the tags, the shakers, the pins? The girls, *of course*. But who gets the sweaters, the letters, etc.? Oh, the boys, of course! Why? The girls' team have 7½ uniforms, and when the rewards are bestowed about eight girls receive letters. In comparison to the boys, is this fair play?

Last year there was no admission charged and still no one came to the games. So this year with the girls anticipating a strong team, let's get behind them one hundred per-cent.

Everywhere one goes, he hears of the wonderful spirit at North, but it seems about time some of this spirit was directed to the girls.

BADMINTON

Badminton — the game played with an undersized tennis racket and a ball of felt with feathers on it — is rapidly coming into its own in the United States.

This sport is of ancient origin, having been first played by a group of soldiers in India, over 2,000 years ago. The soldiers, perhaps more than ordinarily happy, used a wine bottle and its cork with feathers on it for rallying. Crude rackets and shuttlecocks were made. And "Battledore and Shuttlecock", as the game was called, spread rapidly through India, China, and other Eastern countries.

Hundreds of years later, the British learned the game from the Hindus and it became very popular throughout England. Many clubs were formed, one being "The Badminton Club" named for the Province of The Duke of Beaufort. This is the origin of the present name.

England passed the game on to the Canadians, who in turn passed it on to us. The people in the Northern part of the United States have been playing Badminton for many years, but the game has only recently been introduced into Boston. However, much interest has been shown here and Boston has now over fifty Badminton Clubs.

The game itself is very similar to tennis, although considerably faster. Two, three, or four persons may play. The play consists of volleying the shuttlecock back and forth over the net without allowing it to drop. Unlike tennis, when the shuttlecock is served it must go beyond the service line.

Last year, under the supervision of Miss Savage, a Badminton Club was formed here at North, which attracted much interest. So popular did the game prove, that this year the membership had to be restricted.



FOOTBALL SQUAD

BACK ROW — R. Hueneke, R. Day, R. French, E. Burns, J. Welsh, G. Leighton, V. Mitchell, A. Jago, T. Bilodeau, D. Sullivan, W. Sharkey, J. DePortales, W. Lessard.

SECOND ROW — G. Reilly, F. Cummings, J. McLellan, W. Phinney, Capt. P. Cooke, J. Williams, W. Moody, W. Ryan, T. DelGallo, R. Warner, R. Weden, R. Hannigan, Asst. Coach Mullarkey.

FIRST ROW — Coach Donahue, F. Gilday, F. Driscoll, W. Hanson, A. Johnson, H. Anderson, F. Pearlmutter, K. Ruggles, F. Young, G. Bray, M. Abbott, Mgr. Seager.



NEW BEDFORD SHADES NORTH

8 — 6

An 8 — 6 defeat was nailed on North in the season's opener by New Bedford. Both clubs fought hard in the last half, but neither defense was vulnerable. In the 3rd quarter, Bill Phinney intercepted one of the Whaler's barrage of passes, and ran it back 55 yards to New Bedford's 17 yard line. A line play failed, so North took to the air. One pass fell incomplete, but Jim McClellan flipped a pass to Frank Gilday on the 13 yard marker. Then McClellan heaved one to Captain Pete Cooke who scored after a short but flashy run. The rest of the period New Bedford filled the air with impotent aerals. In the 4th period with North on their own 25 yard line, a pass from center went way over Fred Cumming's head, who downed it on the 1 yard line. With the end of the game but a minute or so away, North let New Bedford score a safety, rather than taking a chance on having the kick blocked, which would have resulted in a touchdown. However, with the score 6 — 2 for North, the Whalers opened up with a pass attack which took the ball to North's 22 yard line. Then "Hap" Frates tossed a pass to Gold which resulted in the decisive touchdown, making it 8 — 6 for the Whalers.

NORTH DOWNS MILTON FOR NO. 2

2 — 0

Behind a hard-charging forward wall, North's Red Raiders downed a battling Milton eleven 2 to 0 at Milton. Fred Young, North's contribution to the Ledger All-South Shore team, blocked a Milton kick late in the third period. The ball rolled behind the goal line where it was downed by a Milton back. These important two points were the deciding factor in the game. This blocked kick came after North had started a march in its own 15 yard stripe to Milton's 10 yard marker where they lost the ball on downs. Late in the fourth stanza Milton had the ball on North's 3 yard stripe after a kick had been downed, and a Milton man had knocked down a lateral to gain the ball for Milton. Milton hit the line for a score, but it was called back; a backfield man was in motion. At this point the time for the game had expired, but the official gave the ball to Milton for another try after penalizing them 5 yards. A pass to Marsolini scored and another added the point. Later the game was brought up in a meeting of the New England Official's Association and the touchdown was declared null and void. The game goes to North by a score of 2 to 0. Phinney, Williams, Cooke, Young, and Gilday were the standouts for North in this game.

DEDHAM GAME TOSSED AWAY

13 — 0

North tossed away scoring chances galore, and thereby lost to Dedham 13 — 0. Dedham garnered both their scores in the 1st quarter by consistent steamroller tactics. They smashed their way to the 9 yard line and then a pass to Loti clicked for a touchdown. Another score came soon after when Avery cracked tackle for the 2nd touchdown. George Bray was North's only

shining light in this game, blocking no less than 3 kicks, and playing good defensive ball. He blocked a kick and recovered on Dedham's 31 yard stripe in the 2nd stanza. Two passes went incomplete, but a 3rd connected Phinney to Cooke for 16 yards and a 1st down. North's offense bogged down here and Dedham took the ball on the 4th down on an intercepted pass. Another possible score was lost because of North's stagnant offense, after Bray blocked a kick and Gilday recovered on the 25 yard line. With two minutes to go the Red Raiders got their really golden opportunity when Phinney intercepted a pass at midfield and ran it back to the 8 yard line before he was pulled down. However, two running plays and two passes failed to gain, so North was shut out 13 — 0.

NORTH NICKS BRAINTREE

9 — 6

Coming back after being scored upon in the first minutes of the game, a fighting North aggregation topped the resplendently clad Braintree team at Hollis Field, Braintree. The first play of the game, a North fumble, gave Braintree the ball on North's 5 yard parallel. From there they went over for the score. The try for the point was blocked. The game was nothing more than a kicking duel for the next two quarters with neither team gaining. Late in the third chukker, a Phinney-Cooke pass tallied for an all-important six points. Then Williams' line trick broke the tie in favor of North. Again North threatened in the last stanza when Anderson intercepted one of the many Morcom passes and would have scored again, but the eager fans had flocked on to the gridiron and could not get back in time. Two line bucks and a pass were grounded and North lost the ball on downs. Two thrusts at

the line were smeared and Braintree was forced to kick. Anderson, who was the shining light of North's line, blocked Morcom's kick. Braintree downed the ball behind the line of scrimmage for a safety. The game ended a few minutes later.

WEYMOUTH SWAMPS NORTH

31 — 0

North was smacked down 31 — 0 by Weymouth's Class B State Champions. Three intercepted passes, all of which went for touchdowns, partly accounted for this rout. Weymouth got their long awaited revenge for the way North has trounced them in the past. Sophomore Bill Moody and Frank Gilday played a nice game. Gilday playing right end, broke through several times to spill the Weymouth ball-carriers for substantial losses. This loss was the worst any North football team has ever sustained.

NORWOOD NIPS NORTH

7 — 0

Five-thumbed hands, combined with a poor defense, cost North the Norwood game 7 — 0. The best run of the day was turned in by Pete Cooke, who spun and twisted out a nice 18 yard gain. However, it went to waste as the Red and Black lost the ball on downs in the shadow of the Norwood goal posts. Norwood rushed pretty much at will through the porous North defense, except near the goal line. Norwood got their touchdown on a long pass from Surett to Kelley. On the last two plays, North got its pass attack clicking for a 1st down and an 8 yard gain, but it was too late then, and the gun cut off this potential rally.

HINGHAM DOWNS NORTH

14 — 7

Fumbles and misplays gave Hingham the final nod over North at Hingham's home field. This game had two sour notes. The first was losing to an unfavored team and the second was that Pete Cooke, North's captain and backfield ace, was injured during this game. Doubt was expressed at that time whether he would be able to play in the Quincy game. After being pushed up and down the field for the whole first half, an inspired Hingham team, with the help of five North fumbles and a backfield boy named Handrahan, stiffened and, to everyone's surprise, proceeded to push over two touchdowns. After Pete's injury, North seemed to wake up and come out of the second half fog. Gilday recovered a blocked kick and ran to the 17 yard Hingham line. Two rushes lost a yard. A Phinney-Bray aerial went to the 10. An offside gave North a first down, goal to go. Ryan hit center twice for a score. Bill Moody, the sophomore backfield final, kicked the extra point. The game ended with the ball deep in Hingham territory. Pete Cooke, Bill Hanson, and Fred Young deserve commendation for their play in this game.

NORTH SCORES STUNNING UPSET
OVER QUINCY

6 — 0

All previous defeats are gladly forgiven the team, because of their splendid victory over Quincy High. North kicked over the dope bucket by retaining its undefeated status over its powerful opponent. The Blue and White, with the swivel-hipped Osborne and the smashing Kilrain as spearheads, battered the Red Raiders up and down the field, but were never given a remote chance to score, for North always tightened up near its 20 yard line. North

just wouldn't be beaten, and showed the spirit and courage so characteristic of North teams. The outweighed North line played a fine game, and Coach Donahue was surely proud of them. Gilday and Bray, Young and Driscoll, Hanson and Johnson, Anderson and Pearlmutter, all played a fierce, gritty game against their formidable foe. With but a minute left, and with an indecisive, scoreless tie facing them, the North line made the break for which everyone had been waiting. Dan Cingolani, Quincy fullback, went back to punt, deep in his own territory. At the snap of the ball, the North line charged hard; Driscoll and Hanson broke through and blocked the kick, which was downed by Driscoll on the LeCain men's 11 yard marker. Coach Donahue sent in Jim McClellan, ace passer. This move cost North five yards because of excessive time out. With thousands holding their breath, Jim threw three incomplete passes to the right, and it seemed that North's spirited rally had failed. On the last down, McClellan whipped a pass to Bill Phinney on the left side of the field. Bill ran the remaining five yards to the goal line untouched, because the Quincy backfield had been sucked over to the right by the previous passes. Amid thunderous applause, North kicked off to Quincy, who had time for but one play before the gun cracked. The goal posts were torn down in a jiffy by the elated North rooters; a big parade was held, and the fans marched all the way back to the school where they cheered themselves hoarse. Bill Moody, sophomore flash, got off some sweet boots, which may have saved North's hide. Captain Pete Cooke wasn't in for long because of a wrenched knee, but he played a whale of a game while he was in. It was a great game, and the best team won. Thus for the fourth consecutive year North cinched the city championship.



CROSS COUNTRY SQUAD

BACK ROW — C. Carnrick, F. Millet, F. Fuller, A. Bishop, F. Knowles.

SECOND ROW — M. Royle, R. Hardy, W. Goodie, B. Taylor, S. Mellish, J. Thorne.

FRONT ROW — R. Gardiner, W. Bright, R. Norton, C. Buddenhagen, A. Trott.

Cross Country

NORTH QUINCY'S cross country team has participated in seven dual meets, at the time of writing, with varied success. Of these, the green team has won two, and lost five, but has shown constant improvement as the season progressed.

It was an inexperienced Northern aggregation that toed the mark in the first tilt against the strong Weymouth seven, which won 18 — 44.

Although Bob Norton was the first to cross the finish line in the Braintree meet, none of his teammates could give him any assistance, as fourteen Blue and White plodders finished after him. This inability cost North the meet 20 — 35.

Thanks to Captain Norton's capturing second and Bright's taking third place respectively, North got their first win, polishing off Wellesley 26 — 33.

The hill and dalers were kept from their winning ways by a veteran Quincy team, which took them over the bumps to the tune of 26 — 33.

Chelsea beat North 24 — 31 in spite of Norton's breaking the tape ahead of the pack.

Weymouth nosed out North 26 — 31 with Norton taking second, and Buddenhagen taking third place. A comparison of the scores of the two Weymouth meets will show the great improvement in the team during the season.

In but one meet was the team really outclassed, and taking everything into consideration, the team made a rather creditable showing.

NORTHERN EXPOSURES

by Men About Town

HERE WE are again, folks, your old bi-annual headache, the blast from the North that turns on the heat! You, my dears, make the pictures and we make the exposures — but just remember — don't believe all your hear!

Is Irma robbing the cradle since her tiff with Dana? Ernie F. is the lucky man.

Some people prefer rhinestones, but the Hermistone seems to please Gertrude. Incidentally, did you hear about the telegram from Johnny and Ronny? Mention Littleton and watch her blush.

Speaking of Littleton, will Katrina thwart Morrisroe's life's ambition? How about it, Joe?

Incidentally, Olive and Roger are two we C together.

Fred's name may be Little, but he's rather big in Polly MacDonald's life.

We hear that Danny R. listens to Lowell Thomas every night. It seems to be a habit with Danny to listen to Thomases. Correct us if we're wrong, Jean.

Did you C Dorothy on the Trott with Arthur at the Holly Hop?

Charlie S. is never late as far as Siebert Fahey.

We notice that it's a red haired Scottie that follows Winnie S. around instead of a black one.

Ethel B. likes Wollaston because of the Hills, especially when the wind blows from Northeastern.

When Connie S. goes to Braintree and Ruth W. to Milton, what's the matter with Quincy? Aren't our Dick's and Bob's good enough?

Is Harold still sweet on Ginny or is it Lois Davis now?

Dougy Vedoe and Eleanor Allard! Oh boy, when Swedes get together!

Betty is the most important Day in the week to Arthur T.

And, my children, don't you think Pedan and Weden sound sweet together?

Does Bill Plead-well in his notes to Miss Le Blanc, only Violet knows.

Could Warren be the reason that Bertha goes to the Wollaston Theatre?

Are George Walker and Clifford Goody cutting in on Dick De Bruyn? Do you know, Connie?

Priscilla and Harris are proving the old proverb "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

What happened to the affair between Dot R. and Red Navin?

Just who is this Walter Mystery Man, Miss Kennedy?

Bob is one Gardiner who prefers Plumbs.

No wonder Cal J. is so good at bridge, with four sure hearts in his hand. Is Barbara, Rosalind, Claire, or Maggie the queen?

Was it purely a business trip that the Hi-Y boys took to Providence or have the Providence girls got something North's girls lack? By the way, Cranston and Miller are two old Providence names.

Class president or no, Jimmy seems to have plenty of competition in Bud Abbott and Pete Cooke as far as Phyllis Cosgrove and Louise Le Blanc are concerned.

And then there's Edward and Wally.



JOKES



Freshman: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Coach: "I don't care where you're from, get your uniform on."

* * * *

He: "Let's stop dancing for a while; I'm worn out."

She: "Been on your feet too much?"

He: "Yes, you and me, too."

* * * *

Teacher in droning voice: "Take any article for instance. When it is bought, it goes to the buyer"

Weary pupil: "What about coal?"

Teacher, snapping: "Well, what about it?"

Pupil: "When coal is bought, doesn't it go to the cellar?"

* * * *

Professor, to class in Freshman English: "...and there are two words you're never to use. One of them is lousy and the other is swell."

Freshman, hesitating: "Well, professor, what are the two words?"

* * * *

Diner: "Waiter, it's been half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup."

Waiter: "Yes, but you know how turtles are."

* * * *

The most popular song of the North — Quincy game: "After the Ball is Over."

* * * *

To pass in Chem now one has to concentrate on French.

Common delusion of pupils: Etc. — a word used to make the teachers believe you know more than you do.

* * * *

John Hofferty, producer of *Skidding* in '35, presented *The Showoff* in '36. John has a new Oldsmobile with hydraulic brakes.

* * * *

Some people have a stone heart, but North has a Rhinehart.

* * * *

More Truths

(The Omnibus Boners)

I had an ample teacher last term. He taught us to do three things. First, how to write briefs and then to exaggerate them; second how to extract substances from novels, and last how to interrupt poetry.

Most of the beautiful buildings of Boston are of the reminiscent period of architecture.

* * * *

Page Edward —

In a limited monarchy only one man can be king at a time.

One difference between a King and a President is that a King has no vice.

* * * *

Some people tell stale jokes! Foy! Foy!

(Continued from page 11)

another huge door. As she lifts the squeaking latch, the door is blown in by a gust of wind from the gale. She draws her cloak closer about herself, and bending over, struggles out into the storm.

When she went out to battle with the elements that night, she followed a zig-zag way to a small open spot some distance from the castle. As the lightning burst from the heavens, a little white cross could be seen to gleam. Before this the old woman knelt, and, weeping, uttered a wild lament to which the rocks listened indifferently. She screamed between the resounding crashes of thunder, "O Lord, on this, the fortieth anniversary of Arnold Shamsby's death, I beg thee take me. But first, let me avenge my husband's murder. Oh, that I could grasp the House of Russia and cast its members into that wild sea!" She continued, waving her arms in increasing frenzy, "That here should lie our innocent child, who also suffered death from my father's hands! O Lord, have I not suffered long enough for my sins and those of all the royal families of Europe. Spare me further agony!"

With these shrieks she stumbled back to the house, entered, and climbed the mighty staircase wearily. Would she dare venture into the duke's room? She had not had courage to do so before. Many years back on a similar evening she recalled hearing a scraping sound arise from the presumably vacant room. She passed along a corridor equally dismal to that through which she had left the house. Suddenly she stopped, raised her tiny candle the better to view the iron lock and hinges on the old wooden door. She inspected its numerous panelings methodically, as if to memorize their every knot and grain. She looked above, below, behind, before, to the right, and to the left of her; then, hesitatingly, she took her keys and examined them. From their

variety she chose one of particularly rusty nature, to which she applied her shawl vainly to polish its tarnish. She bent and blew the dust from the keyhole, peered in, and saw nothing but blackness. Consequent to these actions, she fitted the key; then, sighing heavily, turned it. At that moment as she pushed the door, the old clock in the hall below chimed the hour of eleven. The echos that mocked the original chimes sounded uncanny in the deadness. She faltered, but regaining courage, thrust the door open.

The air from the hall rushed in as if the vault were a vacuum. The musty odor that she breathed seemed to contain the poison of forty years' accumulation. She held her candle high. There was the duke's bedstead with bed still unmade; from its canopy hung silvery curtains of cobwebs. There were the duke's clothes still lying on his dresser. There was the entire room; but, how transformed! There were no angular corners, for the dust had chinked every crack, crevice, and corner. As she stood quietly in the center of the room meditating, she heard suddenly a knock upon the front door. Startled, she wrapped herself in her shawl, and descended swiftly to the ornate, gloomy hall below.

There she advanced to the door, opened it, and beheld a stranger, an old man. He, without invitation, stepped within. In a gruff and surly voice he bade her retire. Here she recognized him as her father; but recognition was not mutual, for he turned coldly from her. If he had but looked back, he would have seen the most wicked expression of contempt and hate that surely his eyes ever would have witnessed. She did his bidding, and returned to the kitchen, but did not resume her place by the fire. Rather, she restlessly paced the floor. But now her mind was afire with vicious plans of revenge.

The Russian gentleman walked unaware

of the vindictive woman, and of the fact that she, ironically enough, was his daughter. She it was for whom he had murdered the duke. In the same fever he had come to and arrived at Castle Gregrinoch he unconsciously ascended the stairs and wandered to the scene of his crime, the duke's untouched room. Here he stood, muttering, mad! And then, as he was re-living the night of forty years ago, at the clock's stroke of midnight, a dirk slid from behind a dusky curtain and silently stabbed him through the back. A faint groan, a thud, and the father of the princess lay still where once Duke Shamsby had.

From behind the curtain now, a crazy laugh penetrated and split the air into sharp fragments. Might it be the ghost of Arnold Shamsby? But following it came the wretched hag screaming, "Ah, Revenge! Ha, ha, ha! Idiot was I not

to have done it sooner. Arnold told me of the secret passage for my safety, whom you, You, YOU pretended to have protected! How sweet thy corpse's blood looks with those black spiders crawling through it! How dear thy gleaming vacant eye-balls! Stare! Stare! Stare there at that floor for eternity! Few now are my cares, ugly wretch!"

With that she ran shrieking from the room, down the staircase, and out among the howling winds and weeping skies. She sped on toward the cliff, stood momentarily between life and death, then, screaming, toppled over the side into the pounding surf beneath. The lightning streaked across the sky, and a great roll of thunder crashed and faded into the general din. Ghosts had for the last time returned to Gregrinoch!

North's Own Boners

Addison and Steele are great writers because they wrote for the spirit of the Old Age Pension.

Dickens' book, *Oliver Twist* — Dick and his book "All of a Twist".

The Virginian travelled through the Bow Legged Mountains.

Professor: "Miss Anygal, can you tell me the three classifications into which men are divided."

Miss Anygal: "Rich, poor, and good-looking."

* * * *

Lady (at almond counter): "Who attends to the nuts?"

Clerk: "Be patient, I'll wait on you in a minute."

When an Indian brave marries a girl he has to support her whole family, which is something like our mother-in-law problem.

This is the best way to write a story by telling the readers what the story is about in the first chapter.

His pronunciation is discriminating.

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PLAY PRESENTED

CONTEST WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The results of the contests conducted by the *Manet* during October and November are now available for publication. The prize for the best literary production, in the twelfth grade, goes to Donald Shephard for *The Last Voyage*; honorable mention to Philip Navin for his poem *Impressions*, published in the current issue of the *Manet*. In the eleventh grade the prize goes to Kenneth Henry for his gruesome story *Ghosts at Gregrinobch*; in the tenth grade to Marian Mainwaring for her amusing sketch of a cartoonist at work, *Genius Burns*; honorable mention to Robert Martell of the tenth grade for *The Golden Cross*.

Two poems, *Cape Horn* and *Whales*, by Peter Macomber, captured the prize in the ninth grade; with honorable mention to Margaret Shea for *Theodore vs. Musicales*. Marjorie Jackson's somewhat different treatment of the Diary in the *Diary of a Black and White Cat* gave her the prize for grade eight. And Mickey's *New Dog* won the prize for Barbara Jenkins of grade seven.

To Robert Hanes goes the honor of writing the best song submitted in the contest. However, special mention should be made of Mr. Forest's contribution to North's now growing — we hope — collection of

(Continued on page 3)

"The Show-off", a comedy in three acts, ably directed by Mr. Hofferty, was presented before a large and appreciative audience on Friday evening, December 4. Music was furnished before the play and between the acts by a small orchestra under the direction of Miss Beesley; candy was sold between the acts. A matinee performance was given on the afternoon of Thursday, December 3, for the special benefit of the Junior Unit.

The cast in order of appearance was as follows: Clara—Marion Kelly; Mrs. Fisher—Pauline Clark; Amy—Ruth Redman; Frank Hyland—Charles Sweeney; Mr. Fisher—George Gibson; Joe—John Herminstone; Aubrey Piper—John Buckley; Mr. Gill—Paul Engley; Mr. Rogers—James McLellan.

The coach and cast were assisted by several people: stage managers—Wallace Bixby, Frank Cambria, Arthur Trott; properties—Miss Burns and Miss Sawyer; prompter—Eugene Gurhey; lights—Mr. Sylvia; scenery—Mr. Warriner; posters—Miss White; ushers, in charge of Miss

(Continued on page 3)

VOICE APPROACHES SENILITY

The Voice, a courageous and vociferous youngster two years ago, shows signs of an appalling case of *dementia praecox*. The departure of Gordon Shields, able editor during the thriving youth of the paper, was a blow from which *The Voice* has not recovered. The *Manet* has consented to prolong, at least for a time, the feeble existence of the publication. But what will be its future?

NORTH TAKES PLEASURE IN WELCOMING SEVERAL NEW MEMBERS TO THE FACULTY

Miss Edith Howlett—Graduate of Boston UniversityTeaches history, and geography to the seventh grade Has taught in the Quincy School for several years Loves to travel and has been to Europe Impressions of North are very fine.

Miss Rhoda Barnicoat—Graduate of Framingham Teachers CollegeTeaches foods and economics to the eighth and ninth gradesThinks North is a wonderful school with "grand people".....Wishes to know more pupils of North.....Attended college with Miss Henry.

Miss Myrtle Goeres—Graduate of Bridgewater Teachers CollegeTeaches English, geography, and civics Favorite pastime is travelling Has taught at the Quincy School for several years Has been to North before with the sixth grade.

Miss Beatrice Fitts—Graduate of Bridgewater Teachers CollegeSubjects are English, geography, and spelling Has taught at the Pollard School, Quincy and in the town of Holliston..... Likes North best of all Loves music and plays the piano well.....A very likeable person.

Miss Marian Gurney—Teaches geography and spellingGraduate of Bridgewater Normal Has taught in Nahant and in Danvers Finds North quite different, and much larger Likes to travel and does A likeable person with a friendly smile—Miss Gurney.

Miss Myra Colby—North's penmanship teacher ... Graduate of Keen Normal School in New Hampshire A former teacher at Daniel Webster School ... Their loss, but our happy gain Likes to tour in her automobile and spent last summer in the Vacationland, Maine ... Likes keep-

ing house in her apartmentThe kind of penmanship teacher we need, the kind of penmanship teacher we have—Miss Colby.

Miss Mabel Pratt, native of Quincy, now living in Braintree, is our new History teacher. She won her B. S. at Bridgewater; her A. M. at Radcliffe. Although her work has been chiefly teaching History, she has also taught Art, in Framingham and at our own Central Junior. A very self sufficient person, Miss Pratt has many interests. Music, various handicrafts, reading, writing poetry, Cape Cod and the White Mountains, dogs and gardens, which she couldn't quite place in order of her preference. Although she is very happy here, Miss Pratt is naturally sociable and wishes she might get acquainted with more of the teachers. Also she says, "I don't know *any* of the school officers, club leaders, etc., and please, *more* *beat!*"

Mr. Russell Rayner, Quincy-born and Quincy-bred, is North's latest addition to the Science Department. He studied at Quincy High, Thayer Academy, New York State Teacher's College, got his B. S. at Middlebury College and his M. A. at Brown University. Also at Brown he was the Physics Assistant and at Bridgton Academy, he was the Science Instructor. He chooses biology because "it is the science of living things." His particular interest is people, and his hobby, stamp collecting. A popular, carefree teacher, he finds his work with the pupils here very pleasant, as do the pupils with him.

Present with us this year, also, are Mrs. Wheeler, well-known to all, who is taking Miss Crockett's classes for the first half year; and Miss Henry, who is filling-in in the Home Economics department.

North also extends a cordial welcome to Mr. Stanley Warmington, an old acquaintance who comes to take Mr. Smith's place.

SENIOR PLAY PRESENTED

(Continued from page 1)

Reilly,—Jean Curry, Helen Strassburg, Virginia Thomas, Barbara Thompson, Eileen Walsh, Irma Westerling; members of the orchestra—Jessie Aquilla, Ruth Atkins, Gwendolyn Bowes, Lucille Chandler, Vlasios Georgian, Ruth Reynolds, Charlotte Senter, Malcolm Simmons.

CONTEST WINNERS

(Continued from page 1)

songs. Naturally he could not enter the contest.

The prize for the best cartoon was won by William Pickett; for the best snapshot by Wallace Bixby.

Several teachers were of great assistance to the *Manet* Staff in judging the contest entries: Mr. Smoyer, Miss Currier, Miss Leavitt, Miss Parker, Miss Gooch, and Mr. Bridges. The Staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank them as well as many of the others who helped make the contest a success.

ASSEMBLY TO BE HELD

In the very near future there will be an assembly for the purpose of bestowing the awards on the winners of the *Manet* contest. This assembly will also offer an opportunity to the student body to get acquainted with the new songs. Come and bring your *Manet* with you.

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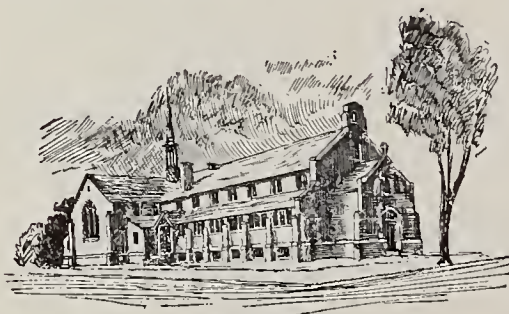
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